THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 13. J. J. BURKE, EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Nov. 27, 1890. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

HOLIDAY GOODS ARE NOW ARRIVING AT C. O. FOLTZ'

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE.

Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

L. W. LEWIS, JEWELER,

ANTIOCH, - - - - ILLINOIS.

T. F. WILLIAMS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.

Office two doors West of News office, up stairs,

ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE.
TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5,07 P. M.	* No. 2 4,58 A. M.
No. 7, 10,38 A. M.	No. 4, 11,58 A. M
No. 9, 7,10 P. M.	No. 6, 6,47 P. M
* No. 1, 12,39 A. M.	No. 10, 7,55 A. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark * Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily betwee Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train. Nos. 9 and 10.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Antioch Home News.

Dr. Tomlaugh of Millburn was in this village on Friday last.

Attend the shoe social at Chinn's hall Friday evening, Dec. 5th.

Waukegan has issued 250 four per-cent. coupon bonds of $100 each.

T. C. Udell has sold out his interest in the sheep business to A. Chinn.

Chas. Westerfield of Waukegan was in our village on Friday last.

Attend the Thanksgiving ball at Rogers hall this (Thursday) evening.

A fine line of chairs of all kinds for holiday trade at J. C. James & Son's.

T. C. Udell has shipped a number of loads of turkeys to the city during the past week.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal*, to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

We have heard tell of young men having to do worse thins than walk five miles after dark over muddy roads

Innumerable chances to "trip the light fantastic" have been offered to our young people during the past few days.

With the present efficient corps of physicians at their command, there is no reason why our people should not keep well.

Dr. Williams has located his office in the rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Karr as an office, and is ready to attend sick calls at any hour.

Mr. Lewis Miller and Miss Cynthia Lewis of Warren were married in Waukegan on the 10 inst. Their many friends extend congratulations.

A Good Templar Lodge was organized at Wilmot a short while ago. We have not as yet learned the number of charter members it contains.

Geo. Grice intends to move to Waukegan within a few days. He will work in the blacksmith department of the Waukegan Safe and Lock Companys building.

Mr. C. B. Harrison's new house is almost completed and is certainly a very handsome building. It consists of an upright and kitchen and is well built and conveniently laid out.

Geo. Grice and wife made a trip to Waukegan on Monday last.

Sewing machines at $25.00. organs, $50.00, pianos, $250.00 at J. C. James & Sons furniture store.

Mr. Kruckman and family, of Wilmot, were calling on friends in this village on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grice are thinking somewhat of moving to Waukegan this winter.

The ladies of the Congregational church at Millburn will give a basket sociable and concert this (Thursday) evening. Admission: Adults 25 cents, children 15 cents. All are invited to attend.

Reports from northern Wisconsin show that deer are more plentiful in that section this fall than for years past. This is said to be due to the light snow fall of last winter. The deer were thus enabled to move *around the forest with ease and* avoid their merciless enemies, the timber wolf.

According to the *News*, Antioch wants a lawyer. We doubt it. Go right out and collect your bills yourself neighbor Burke and don't get a nestiferous pettifogger into your town to breed local dissensions, trouble, etc.—*Record.*

Well Bro. Hibbard we did say something about the matter a short time ago, but it was not for the purpose of collecting *our* bills that we wished to have a lawyer locate here. We much prefer to do our own collecting.

The recent meeting of the Modern Woodmen at Springfield was a very successful event. The "one man" system of management was done away with, and a board of directors appointed in its stead. This board is composed of five members who hold their office for two years. The following men were appointed directors for the coming two years: C. T. Heydecker, of Waukegan, Hon. J. W. White, Tampico, Col., M. Mathews, Urbana, R. A Talcott, Lincoln, Neb., and J. G. Johnson of Peabody, Kansas.

The parties who recently purchased Mr. Trieger's farm are determined to utilize every bit of waste land to be found thereon. They are now attempting to drain Mud lake, which lies almost entirely upon their land, into Bluff lake by means of a system of tiling. The result of the venture is watched with interest by many who are of the opinion that Bluff lake is on a higher level than Mud lake and will consequently discharge its waters through the sewer now being laid from the latter lake instead of receiving the water from it.

It is stated, on how good an authority we are unable to say, that the owners of the farm will erect a number of cottages thereon, during the coming season, which will be lighted with electricity and will have telephonic connection with this village. This may seem improbable to many, but there is no future too grand for our beautiful little lakes, and we are glad to see so many buildings springing up, as if by magic, in their vicinity.

Miss May Richards has returned from her visit in Chicago.

The entertainment at the Centennial church was quite a success.

Mr. Lewis Felter is in partnership with with Mr. Stone in his new store in this village.

Mr. G. Tourtellotte of Pleasant Prairie visited with the editor and family on Saturday last.

A stock of toys equal to that carried by Santa Claus can be found in many of our show windows.

The floors of Williams Bros. new store will all be of hardwood. The building will be lighted by gas.

Saturday is getting to be a very busy day with our merchants; in fact all days are busy days now with them.

We fancied we could hear wedding bells ringing last week. We might have been mistaken but doubt it a little.

J. C. James & Son propose to hold your trade, and will make Chicago prices on all kinds of furniture. Call and see them.

Mr. L. J. Simons has been dining on venison during the past week. He received a fine deer from the north on Thursday last.

Send in your subscription and receive a live Chicago paper and a bright, clean, newsy county paper for a little more than the price of one.

The Cemetery Association hold their monthly sociable at the home of Mrs. E. B. Williams on Tuesday, Dec. 2d. Everybody cordially invited to attend. Maud E. Simons, Sec.

Great excitement prevailed in juvenile circles on Saturday last. There was a dancing "bar" in town and the youngsters turned out and gave him an enthusiastic reception.

Bro. Hibbard of the *Record* takes life easy. On Friday last he dined with the La Salle Club of Chicago. Next week we would not be surprised to hear of his dining with some foreign nobleman. Such is fame.

A runaway horse, belonging to a party in Hainesville, was captured on Wednesday last and lodged in one of our barns for the night. The owner put in an appearance next day and brought the truant back home with him.

December will soon be with us and strange to say this month has not been characterized by very many "bleak November gales." There is much to lead us to believe that this winter will not be remarkable for the severity of its storms.

In the announcement of the Shoe social in last weeks issue of this paper a mistake occurred as to the date of the entertainment. It should have read Friday evening Dec. 5th. Our people will thus be given over a week to recover from the effects of the Thanksgiving festivities, and we do not see any reason why they should not attend the social, as it certainly will be a very enjoyable event.

Mrs. D. A. Williams returned from her trip South on Saturday last and reports a very enjoyable time. She was present and took part in the Good Templar reception at Atlanta, Ga., a full account of which is given in another column. She also visited the Spellman Seminary, in Atlanta, an institution for the education of the colored ladies of the south. The Seminary is run under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary society and takes its name from the late William Spellman who was ever active in the advancement of the colored race. Mrs. Williams brought back with her a number of cotton pods which are certainly quite a curiosity to the people of the north, who never have been south of "Dixie".

L. P. Barnes, of Salem, was a caller at our office Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. Hodge's father has been visiting with him during the past week.

Albert Leiber is home from Waukegan visiting his mother and friends in this vicinity.

We will not be undersold and dont you forget it.

J. C. James & Son.

Mrs. Robert Kelly, of Chicago, was visiting with relatives and friends in this village the past week.

On account of a rush of holiday advertising considerable matter from our various correspondents is crowded out.

C. O. Foltz has purchased a lot in Hancocks addition to Antioch. Also one in Johonnott's addition to Antioch.

We wish to call our readers attention to Mr. Ben Stone's new "ad." on the last page. Read what he has to say and call around and inspect his stock of goods.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.
Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1....†12:45 a. m.	No. 2....* 4:52 a. m.
No. 3....†6:50 P. M.	No. 4....†8:03 a. m.
No. 5.... 5:14 P. M.	No. 6....*11:53 a. m.
No. 7.... 10:43 a. m.	No. 8 6:36 P. M.
No. 9.... 7:20 P. M.	No. 10 7:20 a. m.

* Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.

GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

Curtis & Orvis have put in platform scales at their store.

Saturday last was the first it has missed to rain in six weeks.

There was a prize fight at Camp Lake last Sunday morning. No particulars as yet.

Sam Stewart arrived home from Dakota last Friday all right and reports having had fine weather all the time.

Nine car loads of stock was unloaded at Trevor last Sunday morning, and a train of 3000 sheep stopped off for feeding purposes.

Miss Hetta Stewart makes her regular trips to Chicago every week to attend her music lessons, and Miss Maude came home last Friday after a two weeks visit.

Mrs. J. M. Brown died last week Tuesday morning and was buried on Thursday. She had not been in good health for some time. A tumor was the cause of her death. The funeral was attended by a lauge concourse of friends and relatives.

NOTICE.

Travel across Fox River at Wilmot will not be interfered with on account of new bridge being built, as a temporary bridge for the accommodation of the public is built.

M. Keenan Supervisor.

Is He Married Or Not?

Last week the NEWS stated, on what appeared to be good authority that Henry Hunter and Miss Stella Colegrove were married. Thursday night about 75 bearded boys of the village went out to "chivari" him and were informed that the alledged benedict was still a bachelor. Friday morning Henry called at our office to tell us about the chivari and speculate over what a pleasant time the boys(?) must have had coming home through the mud. He desires the NEWS to say to his numerous *friends that he has no recollection* of being married in this or any other world, and thinks that if he had been one of the contracting parties he would have known something about it as his memory is usually pretty good. We admit Henry that the preponderance of evidence is in your favor inasmuch as over a week has rolled off the spool of time since the event was said to have taken place, which under ordinary circumstances had ought to be sufficient time for any man to find out whether he was married or not. Our verdict therefore, in accordance with the evidence, is not guilty of matrimony, but all the same Henry, we are sorry for you. Dame Rumor still boldly asserts *that the event took place as stated* in last week's NEWS, and has even traced out the bridesmaid, and the matter appears to be one of those complex mysteries that are left to future generations to solve.

BLACKSMITHING.

I have secured the assistance of a blacksmith from Chicago and am now able to perform all work received, promptly. Prices always reasonable and I guarantee my work to be first class in all respects.

N. PETERSON.

ROSECRANS.

Mr. and Mrs. A Murrie took a trip to the booming little town of Antioch one day last week.

Miss Jennie Welch, who teaches school in the Curman district in Benton, was home last week for a brief visit.

The people of this vicinity have partially decided to have a series of entertainments given this winter, including lectures, concerts etc. The proceeds to be devoted to the church debt. All who are interested may learn particulars by addressing the pastor of the church.

Rev. J. J. Gelling formerly of London Wis., now a Theological student at Evanston, will deliver a sermon in the church next Sunday evening, Nov. 30th. Every evening in the week following there will be revival services held by Rev. Geo. Wells pastor of the M. E. Church at Marengo, Ills. Everybody is invited to be present.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Van'Wie visited in Bristol on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Cull took a trip to Chicago Thursday.

Mr. John Jones visited his daughter Mrs. R. Dixon Thursday.

Quite a crowd took in the dance at Camp Lake Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Foster visited at Mrs. R. Smith's Saturday.

Mr. D. Prosser is preparing to put a picket fence around his lot.

Ward Silvernail has commenced shipping his milk to Chicago again.

Mr. H. Bluim will open his boot and shoe store next week. Give him a call.

Miss Edna Minnis of Kenosha spent Sunday with her parents at Salem.

Mr. John Kerwin our next County Superintendent is teaching the Wilmot School.

Mr. and H. Bluim entertained their old neighbors at their new home at Silver Lake.

Joe Riggs, John Ludwig, R. Dixon and F. Dunning took a trip to Chicago monday.

There will be a dance at Schenning's hall Thanksgiving eve. Come and have a good time. Music by the Bristol Band.

Harve Smith's tenant house will soon be ready for a tenant. Robert will have to hurry up and get married or some one else may get there first.

Railway Wreck At Truesdell.

The hardest thing of a newspaper man's life is to gain any authentic information when there has been a railroad wreck, in fact he is surprised when a railroad man even admits that there has been a wreck. Thursday morning a bad wreck occurred at Truesdell, Kenosha county, on the Chicago division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. caused by a couple of freight trains coming together at about 3 a. m. As usual the railroad authorities knew nothing about the accident, but from another source the facts were learned. It appears that the regular freight train bound north was just pulling into the station. *Another extra stock freight train was coming* from the south. The telegraph operator at Truesdell had received orders to have the trains pass at this point, but he failed to notify the conductor of the regular, and the result was the two trains came together with a terrific crash. Both of the locomotives were badly wrecked and from ten to twenty cars smashed, and it is said that a number of cattle were killed or maimed. The engineers and firemen of both trains escaped serious injury by jumping. In consequence of the wreck all passenger trains on that division have been obliged to switch off at Western Union Junction and run in to Racine Junction and run to Chicago and Milwaukee *on the Chicago & Northwestern* tracks. It is estimated that the damages will foot up at near $10,000. The blame is laid to the Truesdell operator, who failed to give the orders.—*Racine Journal.*

PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray please call and settle at once.

BROGAN & GRAY.

NOTICE,

I am prepared to butcher cattle in good shape at 50 cents per head. Apply to A. EDGAR, *Butcher*,

Antioch, Illinois.

NOTICE!

Watches! Watches!!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over wholesale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.

T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

A LUCKY LADY.

MILAN, Tenn., Sep. 23rd.

Mrs. G. W. Combs, of Humbolt, Tenn. a former resident of this place, has recently fallen heir to half a million dollars left by her Scotch grandfather. She has forwarded proof of her relationship to the lawyers and will receive her inheritance to-day.—*Evening Mail and Express*, New York, Sep. 23rd, 1890.

We are Mrs. Combs' lawyers and by her seeing our advertisment became the agents of her good fortune. We have a number of similar claims in our hands and expect to gain them. If your ancestors came from the old country, write us and inclose 25 cents for reply. There are more than half a billion dollars in Great Britain alone, unclaimed, which rightly belong to people in the United States.

EUROPEAN CLAIMS AGENCY,
59 Pearl Street, New York

BRAN,

MIDDLINGS,

-AND-

SCREENINGS,

IN CAR LOTS

-:- AT CHICAGO WHOLESALE PRICES. -:-

CHRISTIAN BRO'S. MILL CO'S

MINNEAPOLIS

FLOUR,

—FOR SALE—

AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

Williams Bros.

ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

The Pluquemine, La., lumber and improvement company's shingle mill, together with five million shingles, burned. Loss heavy.

The post-office at Pocatello, Idaho, was entered by burglars, the safe blown open, and $600 in money, $400 in stamps, and $200 in registered packages were taken out.

An unknown man dressed as a laborer, while crossing the St. Paul tracks in Chicago, was struck by an engine, which threw him some distance, fracturing his skull. He was taken to the County Hospital.

A young man named Kern, who recently attempted to kill J. W. Karr, a McLean County, (Ill.,) farmer, shot himself dead at Webster City, Iowa.

William E. Jones, an old resident of Emporia, Kas., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol.

At a negro collation on Chasland plantation, near Lecompte, La., Steve Warner, a white man, was killed. He rode up to a cabin and fired his pistol five times, one shot of which struck Tolliver, who was inside. The firing was then commenced from the inside of the house, two shots striking Warner, one of which was fatal.

Miss Laura Douglass, the daughter of a leading merchant of Seward, Oklahoma, accidentally and fatally shot herself. She was handling a revolver which her brother had just bought and did not know that it was loaded.

The sides of an excavation on Nineteenth street, in South Brooklyn, N. Y., fell in and smothered Thomas McDonough, 8 years old, and his brother James, who was two years younger.

Gustav Richter, a German who lives in Ravenswood, was badly injured by jumping from a moving train at South Evanston. He is at the County Hospital in Chicago, and will probably die.

The rear car of a freight train on the Baltimore & Ohio road broke loose and was run into by the engine of a passenger train, near St. Clairsville, O. Several persons were slightly injured.

King William III, of Holland, died at The Hague, at the age of 63.

The whaling bark Alice Knowles, Capt. Lapham, arrived at San Francisco from Fox Islands. It reports that Oct. 16 the whaling bark Ocean was spoken in the Arctic Ocean, and the Captain of the latter vessel reported one of his boats had been stoven in by a whale and the crew drowned.

At Ellsworth, Kan., Roger Dick, aged 14, was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun in the hands of his companion.

As the day express on the Michigan Central was nearing Kalamazoo, Mich., it struck a buggy containing Daniel Crane and Bert Green, killing them instantly. They were not trying to cross ahead of the engine, but were unable to control the horse. They were carried on the cow-catcher a half-mile.

Four sheep herders were killed recently in Lincoln County, N. M. by a hailstorm. Sixteen others and 1,000 head of sheep are missing. The messenger says that it was the severest hailstorm ever know in the mountains.

Luke O'Reilly, a worthless fellow, entered the saloon of a respectable German named Schmidt, in South St. Louis, Mo., and became involved in a quarrel with the proprietor. The latter's son interfered to protect his father, when O'Reilly and at the young man, the bullet producing a fatal wound.

There is an epidemic of scarlet fever at Algona, Ia., and the public schools are closed. There is great excitement in consequence.

H. M. Dubois, a hostler at Detroit, died from the effects of a pistol wound in the jaw inflicted during an altercation with Henry Hull, a young farmer. Dubois was drunk and Hull, who is locked up, claims he acted in self-defense.

John C. Farrell, ex-Superintendent of the Wilkesbarre, (Pa.) Water company, has not eaten a morsel of food for two weeks. He persistently refuses to eat, insisting that he died and does not require food.

While crossing the Assiniboine River on ice at Winnipeg, Man., Ald. Andrews and wife broke through and were drowned. The couple had only just returned from their honeymoon.

Capt. Crosby had an altercation with the colored cook in the logging camp of Fiske, Smith & Crosby, near Fair Haven, Wash., in which both were fatally shot, the cook in the abdomen and Crosby in the head, from which the latter soon died.

Henry Hansen was found hanging dead in the garret of his home in Chicago, by his wife. He had been drinking heavily for several days. He was a Swede and a tinsmith by trade.

Mrs. Potter Palmer was unanimously elected President of the Board of Women Managers of the World's Fair.

L. F. McNair committed suicide at Kirksville, Iowa, Wednesday night during a fit of temporary insanity.

Advices from Honduras say that General Sanchez was not shot after capture, but committed suicide when nearly captured by Bogran's forces.

Fire broke out in Billitzky's tailor shop at Cheboygan, Mich., and before the firemen reached the spot Paddock's grocery store was in flames. Both buildings were destroyed. Loss, $3,000; partially insured.

Dorsey Edwards, colored, was hanged at Yazoo City, Miss., for the murder of his wife Sept. 5, last.

Deputy United States Marshal Samuel Le Strange was shot to death at Webster, Fla., by R. E. Burford, whom he sought to arrest for violation of postal laws.

Fire in Hayward's box factory in Minneapolis caused a damage of $15,000, partially insured.

A. M. Loftus shot and killed his father, B. C. Loftus, six miles east of Gainesboro, Tenn., in a personal difficulty, accidentally killing his brother at the same time. The son is said to have acted in self-defense, engaging first in defending his mother from an attack of his father. The parties are highly connected.

A block of nine houses, including Harney's Hotel, in Nanticoke, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Many of the families are rendered homeless.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express building, in Jersey City, N. J., fell to the ground. It is reported that fifteen men were killed.

Leopold Schman fell from a third-story door, in Chicago, into the alley, where he was found dead in the morning. It is supposed he took a walk in his sleep.

A double tragedy was enacted at Pullman, Chicago, when Franz Focke shot and killed his wife and afterward took his own life.

Thomas Harper, a hotel-keeper at Greenwood, Kas., shot and killed Harry Wilson in the court house square. Harper fired five shots, four of which took effect. He surrendered and says he killed Wilson for betraying his daughter.

Hugh Guyn, one of the wealthiest farmers of Woodford county, Ky., in a fit of temporary insanity, hung himself in his barn.

Mrs. E. W. Bodge, aged 68 years, a well-known lady of Saginaw, Mich., committed suicide by hanging herself from the top of her bedroom door.

The grand jury reported finding true bills against the seventeen men under arrest charged with the murder of Chief of Police David C. Hennessy, of New Orleans, Oct. 15, for murder and accessory thereto. The grand jury examined seventy-five witnesses.

John McGinty, 84 years old, was killed by a Pan-Handle passenger train in Chicago. McGinty was crossing the tracks, and while doing so tried to evade a north-bound freight train. He failed to see a south-bound passenger train and was struck and killed. The deceased was the father of the principal of the Pullman school.

Burglars entered the house of John Anderson, at Oil City, Pa., and, disappointed at finding but $50 instead of a large sum as they expected, bound him, his wife, and step-daughter. He was then brutally kicked and the women beaten into insensibility. The burglars then escaped.

The cattle-ships recently arrived in Europe from Canada suffered disastrous losses. The Serica lost 600 head. The Circe lost 200 head, and the Escalona lost thirty-eight. These losses, with 354 lost from the Lunda last week and 151 from the Straits of Magellan, make the season a disastrous one.

Henry C. Meredith, aged 22, employed in the registry department of the postoffice in Memphis, Tenn., has been arrested for rifling registered letters, and has confessed his guilt.

Fire in a livery barn, a grain and warehouse, and a blacksmith shop of Decatur, Ind., caused a loss of $10,000.

The school-house at Hamburg, Ia., was burned. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $12,500.

Two disreputable women of Dayton, Ohio, Maggie and Lillie Moore, were arrested for piling wood on the Panhandle Railroad track with the intent of wrecking a passenger train. They have confessed.

Lee Webster, a wealthy citizen of Cockeysville, Md., committed suicide while temporarily insane.

Henry Langstraw, and Sherman Shields, about 2 o'clock in the morning went to Langstraw's room at Knoxville, Ia., in company with two girls named Porter. They were followed by a brother of the girls, who effected an entrance, and in the altercation which ensued Langstraw shot Porter, inflicting a fatal wound. Langstraw and Shields were arrested.

Mr. Martin A. McGinnis, a 30-year-old widower with two children, out of work and hopeless, committed suicide in Chicago. He had turned on the gas when he went to bed. McGinnis had hoped to get a job as traffic manager of the World's Fair and had been disappointed.

Fire destroyed a large sugar refinery on the Ponte Palms plantation at Houma, La. The loss is estimated at $90,000, with an insurance of $50,000.

P. & W. Gallaudet have announced their suspension on the stock exchange in New York. The amount of their liabilities is said to be $500,000.

Small-pox is obtaining a strong foothold in Madrid, Spain. The average since Sept. 1 has been 700 cases a week and it is now spreading rapidly in the provinces.

The body of Otto Johnson was found in the woods near Ironwood, Mich. He was a one-armed dancer and is supposed to have wandered from his home and died of exposure.

H. E. Thorp, a bookbinder employed in a Chicago establishment, was shot in the breast and probably fatally wounded by Edward Weinder, a fellow workman. The two men had frequent quarrels of late, and exchanged angry words. The wounded man was taken to his home. Weinder escaped.

The discovery of valuable deposits of mineral paint has been made in Dickinson county, Kan.

Charles Wasson and T. J. Jerroll attended church at Georgetown, Mo. While Wasson was deeply absorbed in the sermon, Jerroll picked his pockets, securing $15.

Rube Smith, the train robber convicted of mail robbery when he, Burrows, and Jackson held up the train at Buckatunna, was sentence by Judge Hill of Jackson Miss., to imprisonment for life in the Columbus (O.) Penitentiary.

The small-pox is spreading throughout St. Petersburg, and the hospitals are already crowded. Ten per cent of those attacked die from the disease.

The 2,000 girls employed in the trimming departments of the eighteen hat factories at Danbury, Conn., connected with the Fur-Hat Manufacturers' Association were locked out. Some of the factories have shut down entirely, while the remainder continue to do work in other departments. Over 5,000 hatters are idle.

Frank E. Garrett, formerly of East Boston, was killed in the Bristol, Pa., railroad accident. An announcement of his funeral brought a large number to Revere when they were informed that the wrong body had been shipped from Bristol and Mr. Garrett had been buried there. The bodies will be exchanged.

The official abstract of the vote at the late election in Ohio has been computed and shows the plurality of Ryan, R., to be 10,960. The total vote was 742,072. The official figures do not change the result in the Congressional districts. The delegation will stand seven Republicans and fourteen Democrats.

A railway train near Askub, Turkey, on which were a large number of soldiers whose terms of service had expired, and who were on their way to their homes, was derailed. Thirty passengers were killed and forty injured. The accident was caused by the washing out of the track by recent heavy rains.

Albert T. Crow, who said he was a wealthy New York business-man, committed suicide at Detroit by shooting himself through the brain.

George Scott, an old soldier, was found in a deserted house at Des Moines, Ia., badly bruised and nearly dead. He had been assaulted and carried there. The motive for the attack is unknown.

Fireman R. A. Coppine and Brakeman Perry Dekay, who were injured in the wreck west of Huntington, Ind., died of their injuries.

Charles Wilhelm, the son of wealthy parents in Wooster, O., committed suicide in Omaha by shooting himself at a cheap lodging house. He leaves a widow and two children in Wooster.

Eighty citizens of Shelby County, Iowa have petitioned the State Board of Health to investigate a case of supposed leprosy. John Goldsmith is said to be the victim. People are greatly excited over the matter.

Harry Rychard, formerly clerk of the Atlantic mine, committed suicide at Houghton, Mich., owing to disappointment in business matters.

A woman's body, cut into pieces, was found in the Rua Ferrocaril, Madrid, Spain. The woman is supposed to have been murdered. The case has caused a sensation.

A BUILDING FALLS IN.

ONE MAN KILLED AND MANY INJURED AT JERSEY CITY.

Strange Story of Crime—Opens the Prison Gates—Preferred Death to Cruelty—Etc., Etc.

Tumbled Down.

A wall of the new brick building in course of erection by Wells, Fargo & Co., suddenly fell, burying a large number of men in the ruins. The police, firemen and ambulance were soon on the spot and the work of extricating the buried men commenced. Eight masons, twelve ironworkers, and fifteen laborers have been taken out and sent to the hospital. The mason work was being done by Michael Brennan. He was superintending it at the time of the crash, but was uninjured. It is understood that the iron girders which were used in the construction of the building were entirely too heavy for the brick work. It is believed that their weight tore down the east wall, causing it to collapse.

Following are the names of the killed and injured. The killed: George Barrett, aged 30 years. He was buried beneath a mass of brick and timbers inside the building.

The injured: An unknown Italian laborer, will probably die. A. Gendalli, Carlo Coran, Nicholas Petram, A. Gentelo, Geneo Rodo, Thomas Kern, Vito Morro, Michael Geronco, Emile Bogan, Michael Gondi, Jerome Larno.

The broken wall was twelve inches thick, and was too fresh to stand the strain of the high wind which prevailed and the weight of the timbers. A portion of the pressed brick front is badly bulged and cracked, and will have to be taken down.

Suicide and Murder.

At Kansas City Joseph Boyd made a desperate and probably successful effort to kill his wife and baby and ended by putting two bullets through himself. Boyd was a laborer, but had been without work and his family was penniless. None of them had any food, and hunger, coupled with his inability to get work, crazed Boyd.

While his wife was nursing the baby Boyd stole quietly up behind her and, placing a revolver against her head, pulled the trigger. He then struck the child, only 10 weeks old, with the butt of the pistol. It inflicted a severe scalp wound. Mrs. Boyd started to run from the house with the child in her arms, but her infuriated husband picked her and the child up and threw them to the sidewalk a dozen feet below, where she struck, stunned and unconscious.

Her cries attracted a big crowd but the crazed man, pistol in one hand and an open razor in the other, defied any one to enter. He barred all the doors. There were a few minutes' silence and the report of two pistol shots was heard. Boyd had a rope hanging from a rafter with which to strangle himself in case the pistol shot failed. A bloody razor lay at his side.

Before he expired Boyd said that a few years ago he broke into a house on Archer avenue, Chicago, and took a lot of money and chattels, which he divided with his brother, Tony Boyd, now of Chicago. He further explained that he was an Anarchist, but that several Chicago societies to which he applied for membership denied him admittance.

Strange Story of Crime.

In March, 1882, Thomas Morris was convicted in Hancock County, Ill., on a charge of rape and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The Governor has now commuted the sentence to fourteen years, the maximum term for attempt to commit the offense. The case is an interesting one. It appears that when the news spread in respect to Morris' offense a mob pursued him, attempted to take his life, and did shoot and wound him. After his capture he confessed to the officers and on their evidence he was indicted. He adhered to his confession after he was indicted, though the prosecuting attorney offered to accept a confession of attempt to commit the crime, but he preferred to be locked up for life rather than take the chances of being killed by a mob. Accordingly he was sentenced for life and the prosecuting witness was not heard in court. The prosecuting attorney now states the foregoing facts and others to satisfy the Governor that Morris did not in fact commit the offense for which he was sentenced, and this is borne out by a definite statement from the woman concerned, making the offense only an attempt to commit the crime charged and not the commission of that crime. The sentence is therefore commuted to fourteen years, and this with the prisoner's good time credits will let him out immediately.

How He Escaped Death.

President George B. Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad owes his life to the carelessness of a Pittsburgh telegraph operator. He expected to go to Pittsburgh on important business on the train which left Philadelphia at 9:20 at night, but not receiving a telegram which he expected he assumed that the business had been arranged without his presence and decided not to go. At 4 o'clock next morning the second section of the Western express crashed into the first section, to the rear of which President Roberts' private car would have been attached had he carried out his intention of going to Pittsburg. Two persons were killed and twelve seriously injured, and it is impossible that President Robers could have escaped instant death if he had been on the train. In the meantime the telegram summoning him to Pittsburg was lying in the telegraph office, where it had been carelessly overlooked. Considering the circumstances it is expected that the operator's negligence will not cost him his position.

Preferred Death to Cruelty.

Anna A. Harring, 20 years old, daughter of John F. Harring, a prominent citizen of Cre-kill, N. J., committed suicide by swallowing a quantity of rat poison. Miss Harring was a young woman of pronounced personal and physical charms, being a blonde of fine form and features. She was popular with the young people. She never agreed well with her father, however, and Coroner Hill says the information he obtained confirmed the charges in a letter which she left against Harring as to his cruel treatment of his daughter. It is said that Harring on more than one occasion forcibly ejected his daughter from the house.

Big Jail Break in Missouri.

Six prisoners broke jail at Springfield, Mo. The Deputy Sheriff went into the main cell to feed the inmates and three prisoners seized him and threw a blanket over his head, grabbed his revolver and opened the cell door. James S. B. Perry, a Bald Knobber, who is charged with felonious assault, having the officer's revolver, made the other officer open the door, and the six prisoners escaped. Twenty men were soon in pursuit and they came upon three of the fleeing prisoners near Drury College grounds. Berry immediately opened fire on the officers and a regular pitched battle ensued. After Berry had fired the last round in his revolver he threw it down and surrendered. Two other prisoners have also been captured, while three are still at large.

On the Warpath.

Discontent has been growing among the Indians for six months. The causes are numerous. First was the total failure of their crops this year. A good many of them put in crops and worked industriously, and were greatly discouraged when they failed, as they did utterly in some districts. Then the government cut down their rations and the appropriation bill was passed so late that what supplies they received came unusually late. A good many of them have been on the verge of starvation. They have seen the whites suffering, too, and in many cases abandoning their farms.

In North Dakota they have entirely passed beyond the control of the agent, his farmers, and the native police, and are committing depredations on the property of settlers near their reservation. 300 troops from Fort Robinson passed through Chadron, Neb., en route for the scene of trouble. Troops are also on the way from Forts Omaha, Meade, McKinney, and other points. About 2,000 soldiers will be on the ground.

Troops are ordered out to Pine Ridge Agency from Fort Robinson, Neb. They go from the post to Rushville by rail and there start north for the reservation.

Nearly a hundred settlers came to Mandan, S. D, and are going to Bismarck for safety. At Glen Ullen, forty miles west, the citizens turned out en masse and threw up breastworks by moonlight for protection. A supply of rifles has been sent to each settlement in Morton County. Telegrams are coming in constantly for supplies of ammunition. A telegram was received from New Salem stating that 150 Indians had camped south of that point. The people are clamoring for guns and powder.

Injured by a Runaway Horse.

A runaway horse, attached to a wagon, dashed into a group of little girls in Chicago, fatally injuring Katie Rohr, 7 years old, and dangerously wounding Martha and Frances Kulas, 6 and 8 years old, respectively.

The owner of the horse and wagon was John Coumby. Coumbo was driving over the Chicago avenue viaduct, when the animal took fright at an engine and ran along the avenue, throwing the driver out. A dog ran out in front of the horse. The latter ran upon the sidewalk just where the little girls were playing. Katie Rohr was knocked violently to the ground, one of the horse's feet striking her in the head and fracturing her skull. The two little Kulas girls were run over by the wagon, the wheels passing over Martha, the younger one, injuring her chest. Frances, the elder sister, has one leg fractured and some bad bruises. Katie Rohr also has a broken thigh in addition to the fracture of her skull. The physicians say she cannot live.

Collapse of a Building.

The frame work of a house being erected over ten new stills at the Standard company's refinery at Lima, O., collapsed, burying about fifty men beneath it. Elmer Spridle and James Cable were killed outright. The injured are: Jeff Winner, caught under a heavy piece of timber and fatally injured; James P. Hine, back injured slightly; W. F. Tone, hand and leg injured; George Marks, bruised; Edward Quinlan, cut on cheek and over the eye; D. Nicamara, slightly injured; J. Gracia, slightly injured; Charles H. Moore, back injured; Walter Lawrence, leg broken and head cut; George Bond, slightly injured and James Stropp, slightly injured.

The wrecked building was composed of heavy wooden timbers, which were covered with sheet-iron. The timbers were placed on top of the ground and the wet weather the last few days caused one side to sink out of plumb, which caused the braces to part and let the building down.

Joined by a Living Link.

Little Matilda Oresch, of Detroit, Mich., had her scalp and left ear torn off by having her hair caught in a shaft. The scalp refused to knit and the doctors decided that live flesh must be engrafted. Matilda's sister Emma volunteered to give the flesh. The two children were laid side by side on the operating table and a piece of flesh 8 by 5 inches was laid back on Emma's left breast. The other girl was then placed close up to her sister and the severed end of the flesh stitched to one side of the place where the scalp had been torn away. The two girls were bound together, one side of the flesh cut from Emma being stitched to Matilda's face, the other side being uncut on Emma's left breast. The doctors say it is the only operation of the kind ever performed and expect that the flesh being kept alive on Emma's breast will grow on Matilda's head, and that at the end of four days they can be separated.

Willing to be Hanged.

Jack Staples, a negro youth aged 18 years, was hanged in the county jail at Knoxville, Tenn. Death was produced in twenty minutes by strangulation. The crime for which Staples died was assault, in February last, on Mrs. Rufus Lewis. After a few hours' chase an infuriated set of men captured Staples and shot him seriously. He was identified by Mrs. Lewis and sentenced to be hanged. Many people believed him innocent, and some thought him insane. Repeated efforts were made to save his life, but to no purpose. Staples slept well his last night, ate freely during the day, and protested his innocence until the last. He expressed himself as being willing to die, and only regretted that "he had to be dead so long." There is much talk among the negroes, but nothing serious is anticipated.

Opens the Gates of the Prison.

An opinion was handed down in the State Supreme Court at Tacoma, Wash., which will result in releasing about fifty prisoners from the penitentiary in that State. It was in the case of the State of Washington against J. C. McCarthy, charged with grand larceny. The crime was committed Oct. 15, 1889, and the State Constitution went into effect November 11. McCarthy was tried by information in the Superior Court at Tacoma, as provided by the state law. The case was appealed. The opinion holds that it was illegal, as a state law cannot be retroactive, and that he should have been tried by the grand jury, as provided by the Territorial laws, which were in effect when the crime was committed. All criminals convicted under the state law for crimes committed before the Constitution went into effect will be released.

Big Lumber Fire.

Fire was discovered in the sawdust and shavings in the mill-yard of the East Florida Land and Produce Company in Buena Esperanza, a suburb of St. Augustine, Fla., and known as the "English Mills." The fire spread rapidly and in a few minutes the whole plant was destroyed. The fire quickly consumed 1,500,000 feet of merchantable lumber, this being a small estimate of the amount on hand. The plant is owned by an English syndicate in London. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

All troops at Fort Douglas, Utah, except one company, received orders to hold themselves ready to march to the scene of the Indian troubles.

A FATAL OPERATION.

MRS. CHANDLER, OF CHICAGO, A MIDWIFE'S VICTIM.

Had Ropes Around Their Necks—Robbed and Thrown on the Railroad Track—Etc., Etc., Etc.

A Criminal Operation.

Chief Deputy Coroner Knopf, of Chicago, ordered the arrest of Mrs. Briggs, a midwife, for performing a criminal operation on Mrs. Chandler.

The testimony against Mrs. Briggs is quite strong, but would have been stronger had it not been for the alleged negligence of the officials of the state's attorney's office. Two weeks ago Mrs. Chandler went to Mrs. Briggs and paid her $25 for performing the operation. She commenced to fail, however, soon after, and physicians were called in to attend her. They tried hard to save her, but told her she must die. Mrs. Chandler then told them that Mrs. Briggs had performed an operation on her that was the cause of her sickness. The two physicians immediately telephoned the state's attorney and asked him to come at once and take the woman's ante-mortem statement. No one was sent, and Mrs Chandler died.

The coroner's office was notified and Chief Knopf started out to investigate. He secured the statements of the doctors and after hearing them ordered police officers to arrest Mrs. Briggs. The husband of the dead woman is supposed to have guilty knowledge of the crime. He is said to have objected to it, but his wife succeeded in overcoming his opposition. Mrs. Chandler was 32 years old and had several children. She was a slight little woman, weighing about seventy-five pounds.

The Rev. Gentleman, Guilty.

The great Pettit trial at Crawfordsville Ind., is over and the verdict is in. The sentence is the penitentiary for life. At 7 o'clock in the evening the Judge gave his charge to the jury, occupying about three-quarters of an hour. All the available space in the great court-room was crowded. The jury retired to their rooms for the night. At 9 o'clock next morning the court house bell rang, which was a signal that the jury had agreed, and had it been an alarm of fire people from all ranks and stations of life would not have been more quickly on the ground. In less than five minutes all the seats and aisles and the corridors leading into the court-room were crowded. Fully 1,000 were admitted into the court-room to hear the verdict. The prisoner was brought in, walking with his usual light step, his head erect, and the same haughty smile that is so familiar to every one who has seen him during the trial.

The judge then asked the jury if they had agreed upon a verdict. The forman of the jury stepped forward and answered: "We have," and handed a sealed envelope to the clerk. The verdict was then read in loud tones as follows: "We the jury find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, and fix his punishment at imprisonment for life."

The Rev. W. F. Pettit was in July, 1880, the pastor of a small Methodist church at Shawnee Mound, near Lafayette, Ind. July 17 of that year his wife died under peculiar circumstances. July 14 she had partaken of a cup of tea that her husband had prepared for her, and it made her deadly sick. She complained of pain in her stomach, grew worse, and died July 17. She was taken to West Monroe, N. Y., for burial.

Had Ropes Around Their Necks.

Thomas Boynton, Harry Houghland, H. B. Stone and Alex. Askew, well-known business men of Ashland, Kas., reached the State line, having traveled forty miles north at the end of a rope.

They had been hunting in the Cherokee strip and camped forty-five miles southwest of Caldwell. Before daylight they were aroused by a dozen Indian scouts and police who ordered them out of the country. They were shown hunting permits issued by R. L. Walker, United States Marshal, but the Indians replied that no one had authority to issue permits but the Indians and they proposed to prevent invaders from disturbing the game. The party said they would leave, when the Indians said they must leave all their property. They were disarmed and a twenty-foot rope adjusted closely to the neck of each man and the other end attached to a horse in charge of a scout. The Indians started north at a clever speed, making the hunters walk the whole distance without food or rest. They will make the matter known to the authorities.

Intended to Kill Cleveland.

Miss Gladys Price, the pretty young organist of the Mariners' Temple on Madison street, New York, was probably fatally shot by a lunatic, John T. Davis, who imagined he was her husband. The young lady had just concluded her evening's work at a prayer-meeting, when Davis, who had been loitering about the entrance, sprang toward her and, pressing the muzzle of a revolver to her left breast, fired. Miss Price screamed and rushed into the vestibule of the church, where she fell unconscious. Davis then turned to run, but was knocked down by a bystander. He was then removed to a police station.

From the assassin's own statement he was on his way to commit another murder and his intended victim was no less a personage than Grover Cleveland. Here is the statement he made when questioned as to the motives of his act:

"This woman is my wife and she refuses to live with me. Grover Cleveland follows my wife about continuously and only this afternoon I challenged him in the lodging-house to fight a duel."

Robbed and Left on the Railroad Track.

William Gregg, an oil operator, who was found unconscious near Bridgeville, Pa., has recovered sufficiently to give some description of his assailants. About one o'clock in the morning, while walking up to Bridgeville, he was attacked by two men, who had evidently followed him from the bank in Pittsburgh. He was knocked down, beaten into insensibility, and robbed of $1,200 in cash and negotiable securities. The men then laid him across the railroad track, but he revived sufficiently to crawl into the gutter, where he was found.

—The dead body of Miss Ida Snyder was found in the wagon road midway between Hanna and Avanata, and a short distance away lay the body of Robert Shurte. He was alive and by his side was a revolver with four empty chambers. Questioning showed that he had murdered his companion and then attempted suicide. Shurte had been paying attention to Miss Snyder, but he had not met with favor, and she addressed a letter to him in which she expressed herself averse to receiving him as a suitor. The two attended Sunday school. Shurte started to accompany her home and when within forty yards of her residence the shooting occurred. Shurte has died.

—A party of eight people from Bedford, all of whom were bitten by a rabid dog, are at Terre Haute trying the virtues of a madstone.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

Sophia G. Melander, who was to be a nun, died at Racine.

—Counterfeit dollars are being circulated at West Superior.

—Gus Brown, keeper of a saloon at Pike, near Marinette, shot himself.

—Gustave A. Lang was arrested at Racine charged with having three wives.

—Wilfred Robbins, a resident of Fond du Lac since 1860, died of heart trouble.

—The first annual exhibition of the Wisconsin Florist's Club opened in Oshkosh.

—Eli G. Runnals was buried with masonic honors. He was one of Kenosha's pioneers.

—Patrick White, of Racine, is charged with a criminal assault upon a German woman at Mt. Pleasant.

—Elias Esen was struck by a locomotive at Hammond. His skull was broken and he is in a critical condition.

—The cranberry crop for this season in Wood County amounts to 40,000 barrels, and they are selling at $7 per barrel.

—John Walter, of Racine, nearly killed his wife because she tried to protect her child, whom her husband was abusing.

—There are eighty pupils enrolled in the Merrill High School, and in the past two weeks not one of them have been absent or tardy.

—The County Board of Ashland has fixed the total valuation of property in Ashland County at $8,500,000 and Ashland City at $4,000,000.

—The scow R. H. Beckers capsized near Ahnapee. All the crew were saved, except Watchy Bevard, whose home is in Milwaukee.

—Edward J. Louden and Nettie Acker, Nellie Louden and Frederic E. Bird were the principals in a double wedding at Beaver Dam.

—Ole J. Oleson was sentenced by Judge Patterson of the Municipal court of Janesville to three years' imprisonment at Waupun for burglary.

—Don Gibson, arrested for robbing the United States Express, was released from the Oshkosh jail on bail. His bond was signed by his father.

—It is reported from Odanah that the partially decayed bodies of an Indian woman and a child were found in the woods on the Bad River reservation.

—Frederick Rhode, 22 years old, a blacksmith of Caledonia, is missing. He was recently disappointed in a love affair and his friends fear he has committed suicide.

—Mrs. Lydia Brown, a widow, of middle age, while crossing Main street, Ripon, was struck by a runaway horse. She had three ribs broken and sustained severe internal injuries.

—Burglars broke into the Wrigglesworth Hotel at Turtle Lake, Walworth County. The proprietor magnanimously announces that he will give $3 reward for the capture of the miscreants.

—A large force of men employed on sewer work at West Superior struck for nine hours' work at the old rate—$2 for ten hours. The demand was not acceded to and about half of the force quit.

—A three-year-old son of John Fulton, of Eau Claire, was shocked to death by a piece of boiled cabbage getting stuck in its throat at the supper table. He died before assistance could be rendered.

—Ex-Senator Palmetier, of Lake Geneva, has been informed of the death of his daughter, Mrs. E. F. Winegar, at Johnson City, Tenn. She was an accomplished and very popular young lady of twenty years.

—John McIntyre, a sailor, was found dead on the sidewalk in front of the American house barn in Kenosha, at 5 o'clock in the morning. He had either fallen or been thrown out of a second-story window.

—A passenger train on the Northwestern Road ran into the rear end of a freight train at La Valle station. The passenger engine and two freight cars loaded with hogs were badly demolished and many hogs killed. None of the crew were injured.

—The schooner City of Grand Rapids, bound from Chicago to Menominee, has been in port at Racine for some time with a crew of drunken sailors. The Captain commenced to strip the vessel, when the men threatened to libel it for their wages. It has cleared.

—Charles Kershaw, formerly of Whitewater, was fatally shot at Castile, N. Y., by officers who attempted to arrest him. Kershaw was insane, and when the policeman went to take him into custody he fought like a hurricane, and they were forced to shoot him.

—The new steamer being built at the Milwaukee shipyard is rapidly approaching completion, and will be launched early next spring. It will be called "The Pueblo." The Pueblo has about the same dimensions as the Topeka and will cost $100,000. It is expected to carry 1,700 tons of iron ore.

—The oldtime theory that the copper formations of the Upper Michigan peninsula crop out on the Wisconsin side of the State line seems to be confirmed by recent discoveries of copper ore near Mellen, Ashland County. The deposit is very large and the ore has been pronounced high grade by assayists.

—John Peck, aged 17, died at Racine of consumption. He was walking on a trestle of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, last August, when a train came along and obliged him to jump thirty feet. The shock of the jump produced a hemorrhage of the lungs which culminated in consumption and death.

—Henry Hanshaw, who served in the First Wisconsin cavalry, died at the home of his son at Fox Lake. He was for many years a resident of the village of Oak Grove, and for twenty-five years the mail-carrier there, making a round trip of six miles daily on foot until five years ago, when he was 75 years of age.

—A dead horse was placed on the Central Park bridge at West Superior by unknown persons with the evident intention of wrecking a train. It was noticed by the engineer of the East Superior Short Line train, who succeeded in almost stopping the train before the engine struck the horse, thereby preventing what might have been a disastrous wreck.

—The Rev. Thomas Barr spoke on "Practical Politics" in the First Presbyterian church at Racine. Part of his sermon was devoted to the Catholic church. He disclaimed any intention of attacking the church or its priesthood, but declared that loyalty to any foreign power whatever was dangerous to the republic. Some men, he said, seemed to be working for that power.

—A collision between the north-bound passenger train and a switch engine occurred on the Milwaukee & Northern railroad, in the yards at Green Bay, the other morning. The switch engine was standing on the main track and Hostler Como, hearing the whistle of the approaching train, backed up, trying to get on the side track. Before he could clear the main track both engines struck, completely demolishing the cylinders on the engines and throwing the switch engine off the track. Passengers on the mail train were considerably shaken up and frightened, but no one was injured.

—Officers were at the Wisconsin Central depot, Waukesha, to arrest Conductor L. W. Ainsworth on the arrival of his train on a charge of having enticed from her home at Kenosha, Mrs. Ida M. Suydom, nee E. Vansandt. Ainsworth evaded them. Ainsworth was shot last April while in a room with his wife. The true story of the shooting could never be gained, as only the two were in the room at the time and both refused to talk of the affair. They moved to Chicago but have separated. Mrs. Suydom met Ainsworth and became infatuated with him, leaving a good and devoted husband. She is a handsome woman. She came to Waukesha to meet Ainsworth. Her brother learned of her arrangements and followed her. A warrant was sworn out for their arrest, but they evaded the officers.

THANKSGIVING IN THE OLD HOME.

Like the patient moss to the rifted hill
The wee brown house is clinging;
A last year's nest that is lone and still,
Though it first was filled with singing.
Then fleet were the children's pattering feet,
And their thrilling childish laughter,
And merry voices were sweet, oh! sweet,
Ringing from floor to rafter.

The beautiful darlings one by one,
From the nest's safe shelter flying,
Went forth in the sheen of the morning sun,
Their fluttering pinions trying.
But oft as the reaping time is o'er,
And the hoar-frost crisps the stubble,
They haste to the little home once more
From the great world's toil and trouble.

And the mother herself is at the pane,
With a hand the dim eye shading,
And the flush of girlhood tints again
The cheek that is thin and fading.
For her boys and girls are coming home,
The mother's kiss their guerdon,
As they came ere yet they had learned to roam,
Or bowed to the task and burden.
Over the door's worn sill they troop,
The skies of youth above them,
The blessing of God on the happy group,
Who have mother left to love them.
They well may smile in the face of care,
To whom such grace is given;—
A mother's faith and a mother's prayer,
Holding them close to heaven.

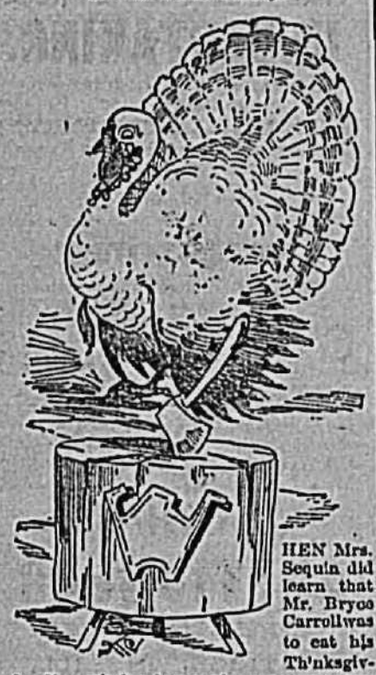
For her, as she clasps her bearded son;
With a heart that's brimming over,
She's tenderly blending two in one,
Her boy and her boyish lover.
And half of her soul is reft away,
So twine the dead and the living,
In the little home wherein to-day,
Her children keep Thanksgiving.

There are tiny hands that pull her gown,
And small heads brown and golden;
The childish laugh and the childish frown,
And the dimpled fingers folden,
That brings again to the mother-breast
The spell of the sunny weather,
When she hushed her brood in the crowded nest,
And all were glad together.

A truce to the jarring notes of life,
The cries of pain and passion,
Over this lull in the eager strife,
Love hovers, Eden fashion.
In the wee brown house were lessons taught
Of strong and sturdy living,
And ever where honest hearts have wrought,
God hears the true Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The One White Turkey.



HEN Mrs. Sequin did learn that Mr. Bryce Carroll was to eat his Th'nksgiving dinner in her house, she came very near crying for joy. Bryce was her brother, whom she had not seen for a dozen years or more. She was a widow, living in a suburb of Boston with her little daughter Ethel. She had a very scanty income, and it was only by dint of the strictest economy and by good management that she kept the gaunt wolf want, away from her door. Her brother had been living in Yokohama, and making a modest fortune among the Japanese.

Ethel Sequin was nine years old when she learned that her uncle was coming to visit them. Under almost any circumstances she would have been delighted to see him. She had heard a great deal about him, for her mother seemed never tired of sounding his praises; so the child had actually grown fond of him in his absence.

But—can you believe it!—in spite of her affection for her unknown relative, and despite her interest in the country from whence he was coming, this contradictory little girl wished in her inmost heart that he would stay away.

She knew that her mother would have an unusually good dinner on Thanksgiving day, both in honor of the national holiday and in honor of her brother's arrival. No little girl ought to object to that. She knew that the cottage would be redolent with baking pies and roasting fowl, and, instead of smiling at this prospect she shed some very hot tears.

The turkey was alive now, and strutting about the yard. He had once belonged to quite a respectable brood, but one after another of his family had run out in the wet grass, taken cold and died, until only this solitary Turk remained. He was a white turkey named Sultan. He was quite as pompous and quite as dignified as any sultan of Turkey had ever been. Somebody had told Ethel that the Arabic word sultan meant "mighty man," and this white fowl was as proud as if he understood his title. No peacock was ever vainer than he. Whenever anybody glanced at him he spread his tail, rubbed his wings on the ground, and gobbled haughtily. He was very white, very fat, and, so far as turkeys go, he was very good looking. No doubt he would make a delectable dinner. Mrs. Sequin resolved to kill the sultan in honor of the wanderer's return, just as cheerfully as the father in the good Book killed the fatted calf in for his prodigal son. But Ethel did not share this cheerfulness. She admired the sultan spite of his silly airs, and she would have preferred to go without any Thanksgiving dinner and to have dispensed with her uncle's visit rather than have the proud white turkey killed.

She was a practical little girl, in spite of her sympathy for the sultan, and she could see the necessity of sacrificing him to the feast. Her mother was poor, and unable to buy one of the turkeys which decorated the butcher shops. Besides, the older the sultan grew the less palatable he would become. He would never be of any use in the world, excepting on the table. Ethel knew all this, and tried to resign herself to his unhappy fate, but she could not do it. She was very sorry for the turkey.

She said nothing to her mother about her unhappiness. She was unselfish enough not to wish her mother to be worried about anything. Ethel had noticed that she looked younger and happier since she had heard from her brother. She went about her work singing, and her face was bright with expectant happiness; and she did not have long to wait, for the visitor came several days before he was expected.

He was a big man, with merry, gray eyes, a brown beard, and a voice that had a ring of kindness. He brought a dog with him, a huge mastiff, of which he was very fond. Mr. Carroll took up his abode in the cottage as if he belonged there, and the dog, who was named Jupitor, was chained out on the little dried patch of lawn over which the sultan had reigned alone. The dog and turkey soon struck up a friendship, and ate together out of one dish with perfect good fellowship.

The Yokahama uncle and his dog had not been long at the cottage when the preparations for the Thanksgiving feast were begun. Mrs. Sequin said the time had come for the turkey to be killed. As she was altogether too soft-hearted a woman to perform this operation herself, and as she was unwilling to ask her guest to do it, she told Ethel to request their butcher to send his boy to kill the turkey. Then she went back into the parlor to talk to her brother, and Ethel was left alone.

She put on her hat and cloak very slowly. Her heart was very full, and there was a great lump in her throat. It was bad enough, and sad enough, to love old Sultan without being compelled to give the order of the execution. She went down the street at a pace very unusual for a healthy child. Her feet seemed heavier even than her heart, and her steps were drearily reluctant.

Her eyes were red and swollen when she went into the butcher's shop, and her voice was unsteady. Everybody there was very busy, for the approaching holiday had increased the butcher's sales. There were a lot of common looking fowls hanging up about the shop, but the few feathers remaining on their wings were gray, and it was plain to be seen that none of them had ever looked like the gallant sultan. Ethel priced one of them, and the butcher said it was one dollar and a half. Poor Ethel! She had been saving her pennies for nearly a year, and yet there was only seventy-five cents in her tin savings bank. That was only half enough to buy a turkey and to save poor Sultan's life.

Just at dusk the butcher's boy came up the walk. Ethel saw him and her heart sank at the sight. Sultan's hour had come. The boy had no sympathy for either the girl or the turkey. He was very fat, as butcher's boys are wont to be, and he was both vulgar and provoking. He had heard Ethel offer her services at the shop, and had been exquisitely amused at her proposition. Now he laughed and jeered at her. She had had a vague idea of beseeching him to chloroform the turkey, to make his visit as painless as possible, but she gave up this impracticable idea at once. She knew that it would be useless to make any appeal for mercy to the butcher's boy. He would delight in plaguing her. He would fairly revel in slaying old Sultan before her eyes.

Of course he had first to catch the fowl. Sultan was so tame and so well trained, that he would come when his name was called; but the boy knew nothing of the bird's great sagacity, and he did not call him. Instead, he chased the turkey about the yard. The bird could not fly, for one of his wings had been clipped, but he could run, and he gave the boy a lively chase. Sultan had at last forgotten his dignity. The boy was too fat to be a good runner, but he made the best time possible to him, racing over the little lawn, around the kennel, and over the frozen flower beds. Ethel could not watch the chase. She had covered her eyes with her hands and was sobbing violently. Around and around went the turkey, and around and around went the boy. And now the turkey is cornered, and now he is caught!

All this while no one had noticed Jupiter, who had been growling until his tones were almost as deep and terrible as the roar of a lion, and who had been jerking away at his heavy chain, in a mad attempt to break it. The dog was a powerful animal, but the chain was too thick for even his strength. He saw his friend, the turkey, chased all about the yard and captured, and the sight enraged him. He made



UNCLE CARROLL.

one mighty, final plunge and tore the iron staple to which his chain was fastened out of the fence. Then he was free. He knocked the butcher's boy down in a moment, no doubt mistaking him for a thief. He would have killed him if Ethel had not suddenly thrown herself upon the dog, and shrieked for him to leave the boy alone. The dog obeyed her, but not before an accident had happened. In his attempt to seize the boy he had caught Ethel's hand in his jaws and bitten it.

* * * * * *

When Thanksgiving morning dawned Ethel was recovering from the effects of her accident. She had told her mother all about the turkey, all about her offer to the butcher, and all about Jupiter's attempt to rescue Sultan. Her mother had understood her readily, and had grieved over her trouble, and her poor little mutilated hand.

Sultan hadn't been killed after all, for the fat boy had left the yard with very commendable speed when he discovered that the dog had released him, and nothing less than a miracle would have induced that boy to enter that place again.



JUPITER TO THE RESCUE.

He had told his father how courageously Ethel had come to his rescue, and how her hand had been bitten. At first the butcher had been furious because Mrs. Sequin had such an animal as Jupiter about her place, but later he did not blame her or the dog so severely. He even made Ethel a present of the very turkey she had priced in his shop. Then Mrs. Sequin told Uncle Bryce all about it.

The Thanksgiving dinner was a great success. Uncle Bryce had learned more of his sister's circumstances through the accident, and he paid for the feast and she cooked it.

Uncle Bryce had saved a little surprise for their holiday. He said that he was not a visitor, but that he had come there to stay. There would be no more pinching poverty in that cottage, for he had money enough to keep all of them comfortably. He said he would take care of Ethel and her mother as long as he lived. And then he said that they all had great cause for thankfulness. They had been kept apart for a long while, and now were united. Ethel and her mother had found some one to protect them and care for them, and he had found a bright little home and two loving hearts. He said that a great man named Edmund Spencer had written that "thankfulness is the tune of angels."

After the day was over our little girl fell asleep, as happy and grateful a child as ever ate a thanksgiving dinner.

And the white turkey on his low perch nodded sleepily toward his friend the dog; and who knows that he was not grateful too!

Thanksgiving Fun.

Merriment should run riot on Turkey Day. Let Thanksgiving be a night of rollicking fun for the children, little and big. In after years, when they are away from home, its influences will linger around them still. Your son or daughter may be kept in the "straight and narrow way" by the remembrance of just one happy home and night.

"My father's got home from India," is a game that never failed to bring down the house in my young days, and it must have been enjoyable, for after all these years I feel as if I would like to play it now, if I had a right merry lot of readers about me," writes Palmetto Goldsmith in the American Agriculturist.

Seat the children on three sides of a room, and let the leader sit so that he can be seen by all. He must then say, "My father's got home from India."

"What did he bring you?" one must be instructed to ask.

You reply "A fan," and then begin to fan yourself with your hand, which all must imitate.

Then you repeat the remark about the return of your father, and another asks you, "What did he bring you?"

"Two fans," fanning with both hands, which all must imitate.

To the next question the answer is, "Two fans, a boot and a shoe," which necessitates that both hands go through the motion of fanning, while the feet tap the floor.

To the next you reply, "Two fans, a boot, a shoe and a hat," and then the head must be nodded.

The first one who misses any motion must pay a forfeit, and it is needless to say that the forfeits are many. It is really good exercise, and after the little ones have been thoroughly instructed in games of this kind, they will relieve you of their care through many a busy hour by playing them among themselves.

Gobbled Gobblers.

The turkey has no cause for Thanksgiving, if he considers life worth living.—Boston Gazette.

The turkey is a very proud bird. This accounts for its being easily "stuffed."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Russia is all right." But Turkey must be getting very uneasy so near Thanksgiving.—Kentucky State Journal.

There are many poor people who would like to knock the stuffing out of a turkey on Thursday; but some of them must wait until Christmas.—New Orleans Picayune.

The eagle may be the national bird for fifty-one weeks in the year, but it has to take a back seat for the turkey when Thanksgiving comes round.—Rochester Post-Express.

It is well that Thanksgiving, the day of happiness and good cheer, comes before the time when the small boy goes around opening doors and asking, "Say, mister! Gimme a calendar!"—Lowell Citizen.

Song of the Turkeys.

We are coming, Father Benjamin,
Three hundred million strong,
All ready to be sacrificed
For your Thanksgiving throng.
—Danville Breeze.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

Sunday-School Teacher—Willie, have you had anything during the week to be especially thankful for?

Willie—Yes'm. Johnny Podgers sprained his wrist and I licked him for the first time yesterday.—Burlington Free Press.

THE CAMP FIRE.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MATTER FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

A Gallant Charge—What Smokeless Powder Will Do—An American Torpedo Boat—Etc., Etc.

A Gallant Charge.

The following is an account of a charge made in the Shenandoah Valley by 50 men belonging to the 22d Pa. Cav., under the command of Jas. P. Hart. Gen. Duffey, commanding our forces, started up the valley about July 20, 1864. On the 23d he encountered the enemy's skirmish line at or near Kernstown. Our lines were drawn up in the old orchard on the left of the pike and came to a halt, when the keen eyes of Duffey discovered a battery of four guns on a knoll with a stone fence in front, and the battery apparently without any support. So he ordered Capt. Hart—better known among his old comrades as "Biddy"—to take 50 carbineers and take that battery. The captain rode a'ong the line and gave the command:

"Count off by four, and every fourth man ride to the front!"

I happened to be "No. 4." Not one of the comrades knew what we were expected to do. The captain ordered us forward, and we marched out to the pike and halted. Then the captain rode along the line and told us we were to take that battery. He said that it would be hot as h—, and if any comrade didn't want to go he should ride to the front. Not one advanced. The captain told us that the signal would be fired about a mile to the rear on the pike, and at the sound we were to charge down the pike and bring the battery in.

We waited patiently for the signal. At last it came, and away we went at that battery; but we did not bring it in, for a storm of musketry met us that was not expected. It came from a brigade of infantry lying behind a stone fence, which opened on us when we were within 100 yards of the battery, and compelled us to retreat.

The captain, myself and one of the company, John Regester, were near together until we reached a strip of woods, where a shell struck the horse of Comrade Regester, killed the horse and cut the comrade's leg off, from the effects of which he died. Looking back, I saw a regiment of cavalry in pursuit. Coming along to a ditch in which a comrade's horse had slipped and fallen, Captain Hart spurred his mare and cleared the fallen horse. Then came my turn. I plunged in the spurs, and my horse made the leap, but the fallen horse arose, catching my horse on the knees, throwing him, I think, twenty feet, and me over his head. When I got up there were seven cavalry men around, and I was looking down seven revolver barrels, and seven fellows were saying:

"Halt, you ——— ——— ———!"

Almost any old soldier understands the meaning of that term. I halted.

For a few days the rebs marched us up and down the valley, and then to Winchester, where we were put in jail, but as it was not large enough we were removed to the outskirts of the town and placed in a swamp. On the night of July 28 I made my escape with a comrade of the 53d Ohio by the name of Proctor. If this meets the eyes of Comrade Proctor, I would like to hear from him. We made our way across the mountains over 100 miles to Cumberland, Md., meeting with many rebel citizens and hiding from rebel soldiers.—*J. B. Shallenberger, 22d Pa. Cav.*

What Smokeless Powder Will Do.

The smokeless powder renders more important the role of the artillery in the future. That of the cavalry will, for the same reasons, be more conspicuous, for though this arm can not operate at hazard, for fear of being annihilated, it can by watching its chances, render its charges more effective. What a spectacle a field of battle will present in the future. Every part of it, barring those marked by woods or inequalities of the ground, will be visible like the stage of a theatre to the spectators or to the generals commanding. Each commander will be able to move his forces like the men upon a chess-board. The thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry will be greatly diminished in volume. If the day is not decided by the artillery, and the infantry comes to close quarters, the slaughter will be such as is almost impossible to conceive, even to those who have seen many bloody battle fields. The mowing down will be no longer figurative, but horribly literal. Of regiments placed face to face one will quickly disappear, killed to a man, possibly both, to be replaced by others destined to the same fate. Charges against breastworks will be hopeless. The retreat of a shattered brigade will not help it for those whom the musketry has spared will be overtaken and annihilated by the artillery. Battles, and perhaps the fate of nations, will be quickly decided unless the generals of both sides pursue a Fabian policy, and fearing the destruction of a hand-to-hand combat, try to accomplish their purpose by maneuvering for the best positions and artillery duels at long range. Altogether the prospect is not cheerful. The only hope of the advocates of peace rests on the spark of humanity remaining in the breasts of leading statesmen and warriors, which, even now makes them hesitate to trust their countries to the arbitrament of arms on account of the slaughter that is sure to follow and which, it is hoped, may lead to a general disarmament.

Stories of Lincoln.

"Uncle Billy" Green is one of the most interesting of the historical characters of Illinois. He was born in Tennessee in 1812, in what was then Overton county. He came to Illinois in 1829 with his parents, who settled near old Salem. He met Abraham Lincoln soon after that awkward young man landed from the flatboat which floated down the Sangamon to Salem on the high water following the "deep snow" of 1831. He was intimately associated with Lincoln ever afterward. He says of him: "I thought the first time I ever met Abe Lincoln that he was the greatest man living, and I am thankful I lived long enough to know I was right."

He was Lincoln's partner in the grocery at Salem, and at night, when customers were few, he held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons. To his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutlidge. He saw the happy pair strolling through the woods about old Salem, or boating on the river, or lingering long over the bucket of water which Lincoln drew from the well for Ann. He offered what comfort he could to his friend when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says Uncle Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, an' tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel so bad, an' I'd say: 'Abe, don't cry;' an' he'd look up an' say: 'I can't help it, Bill; the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

Green saw his friend rise in greatness and favor with the people until he was elected President of the Nation. At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet Green sat at the table on the President's left, with the dignified Secretary Seward on his right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying, "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green. He's the man who taught me my grammar."

The Cushing.

European countries have built large numbers of these boats. Italy has now about 200; England, 175; France, 150; Russia, 130; Germany, 100; and Spain, 20. On this side of the Atlantic the Argentine Republic has 18; Brazil, 15; and Chili, 10.

Of course you wish to know how many our own nation has. Well, we have ONE. It was recently launched, and if you read the papers you will no doubt see accounts of its trials for speed. It is a big one—a "deep-sea" boat—very much like the Italian Nibbio in appearance, but not in any way designed after that boat. It was built by the Messrs. Herreshoff at Bristol, R. I. This firm has built some very fast launches and yachts, and can no doubt prove equal to the best foreign builders in constructing torpedo boats should others be demanded.

Our torpedo boat is named the Cushing, after a famous naval officer who during the rebellion sank a confederate ironclad with a torpedo rigged out on a spar projecting from a steam launch. Torpedo boats are not always named. It is the custom of foreign countries to give names only to their "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The smaller ones are simply numbered.

I know you are wondering why we have only one torpedo boat and would like to ask me if we don't need more. Perhaps we do. The United States has a longer sea-coast and more important seaports than any other country; but the United States is deliberate and thoughtful.

The present secretary of the navy has asked congress to appropriate money for five torpedo boats in addition to the Cushing, and no doubt successful trials of these will bring about the immediate building of many more. —*John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.*

Where Gen. Grant Died.

While at Mount McGregor I visited the Grant cottage. It is in the same condition now as it was when Grant died. The same furniture stands in the same places, and the tallow candle half burned down to the socket stands on the table, besides the two great armchairs in which he breathed away his last hours. Pieces of his last writing, consisting of slips from his pad, are shown, and there is a tall, fine-looking soldier in uniform who sleeps in the cottage and takes care of the relics. There are, on the average, about 24,000 visitors a year now, and many pathetic incidents occur. Nearly every one that comes wants to take away some memento of the place, and many pick up the gravel of the walk around the house, supposing they are carrying off stones trodden by the foot of Grant.

The truth is that this gravel has to be renewed every month on account of these relic hunters, and the stones they carry away have never seen Grant. Mr. Arkell, who owns the mountain, tells me he was offered $35,000 for the cottage, and that the men who offered this were western men, who said they wanted to cut up the cottage and sell it for relics. The probability is that they would have taken it to pieces, have carried it off to Chicago and shown it there at the exposition, in the same way that other relics are to be shown.—*Cor.*

More Money For Soldiers and Sailors.

Second Auditor Patterson has reported to the Secretary of the Treasury that during the last fiscal year his office examined and settled 37,581 accounts involving the sum of $31,553,515. He estimates that $1,000,000 will be required during the next fiscal year for the payment of soldiers' and sailors' claims for arrears on pay and bounty due for services in the late war, being $320,000 more than was estimated for in December last.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

British Primitive Methodists are moving for a more extended course of their theological students.

Florence has been selected for the next session of the international conference of the Evangelical alliance, which meets in April, 1891.

The British government has given a site for a chapel and schools for Wesleyan soldiers and seamen at Chatham. The buildings will cost $1,000.

The business done by the Book Concern of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, last year aggregates $384,040.42, an increase over last year of $83,396.28.

Philadelphia has the largest number of Sunday-school attendants of any city in the United States—195,802. New York ranks next with 187,000; Brooklyn next 107,233.

A meeting of members of the United and Reformed Presbyterian churches was held recently in Pittsburg, at which a committee was appointed to urge the union of these two branches before the higher courts of both churches.

Archdeacon Farrar's movement for the establishment of brotherhoods whose members shall bind themselves by dispensable vows to celibacy, poverty, and obedience has passed the lower house of convocation of the Church of England.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet flowers, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and whispered: "Mamma, don't it smell solemn."

The incumbent of St. Stephen's, Launceston, England, is chosen by popular suffrage. Every ratepayer under £50 has one vote, another being conferred for every additional £25 of ratable value, up to a maximum of six votes.

At Hillsdale, Mich., a business man with reserved-seat tickets for a theatrical entertainment in his pocket strayed with his wife into the wrong hall, where a revival was in progress. The usher conducted them to good front seats and they did not realize the mistake till services began.

For some years there have been only six Congregational churches in New York City, three of which, the Broadway tabernacle, the Pilgrim, and the Central, are strong churches. A seventh church has recently been organized, called the Congregational church of North New York. It owns a new edifice, and has settled an able pastor.

RURAL NOTES AND NEWS.

Yes, get a good grindstone.
A good hired man is a treasure.
Lead, not follow, your field force.
How many trees have you planted?
Method and system pay on the farm.
Amber is a good variety of sorghum.
Ignore scrubs; raise more good stock.
The worst haul on the farm—alcohol.
Coming—Sheep-shearing and big clips.
Poland-China swine "take" in the West.
Prepare for the great cereal crop, corn.

The Alliances for the Paddock Pure Food Bill and against the Conger Lard Bill.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Farmers' Alliance of Illinois, October 29:

WHEREAS, The adulteration and *fraud* practiced in the sale of counterfeit articles of food can be prevented under the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States;

AND WHEREAS, Such a measure would be more effectual than one under the power of Congress to levy and collect taxes and less liable to injure one industry for the benefit of another;

Therefore, Be it resolved, that we approve and endorse the Paddock Pure Food Bill, introduced in behalf of the Farmers' Alliance of Nebraska, and protest against the Pork Packers Bill, commonly known as the Conger Lard Bill, which taxes one industry for the benefit of another, such legislation inuring to the benefit of the Pork Packers and not to the Farmer.

The Best Magazine.

The Christmas edition of the Cosmopolitan Magazine is one hundred thousand copies, and contains a features never before attempted by any magazine, consisting of 123 cartoons from the brush of Dan Beard, the famous artist, who illustrated Mark Twain's book, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page of the magazine, and are "Christmas during the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era," with variations, showing the way in which we modern Christians carry out some of the chief texts of the Christian Gospel. The frontispieces of the Cosmopolitan have become noted for their beauty. That for Christmas is not behind anything that has preceded it in artistic merit.

An excellently illustrated article is one on teapots, by Eliza Ruhamah Seidmore. Literary Boston is treated with numerous portraits, and an article which comes with the ninetieth birthday of Von Moltke, sketches the life of the great Field-Marshal in an interesting way, and is by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Elizabeth Bisland has one of her charming articles.

The Christmas issue contains 228 illustrations.

Shrewd Dressmakers

Know that they save time, extend their trade and please their customers by keeping the "Metropolitan Catalogue of Fashions" where it can be seen by their Patrons. This Publication is a perfect Compendium of Styles, within whose covers are found illustrations of Latest and Standard Fashions for Ladies, Misses and Children. It contains splendidly finished Engravings, representing every variety of wear. Is issued in two editions, the "Standard" and the "Popular," the Standard being printed upon heavy paper, and the Popular upon paper lighter in weight.

To any one sending $1 for a subscription to the Delineator, with 10 cents additional to prepay transportation charges, we will, if so ordered, send a Copy of the Metropolitan Catalogue, Popular edition.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.
New York.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Under the modest title of "Curiosities of the American Stage," Laurence Hutton has written a history of our native drama, embracing sketches of the most famous American players, and an account of the progress of dramatic art in this country since the period of the Revolution. The work will be handsomely illustrated, containing portraits of many distinguished actors and actresses on the American stage. It will be published in a few days by Harper & Brothers.

IN THE OZARK WILDS.

QUEER CHARACTERS MET IN SOUTHEASTERN MISSOURI.

Backwoodsmen from Instinct, They Keep as Far from Civilizing Influences as Possible.

The natives of this region writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Times* from Grandin, do not differ materially from those farther south in Arkansas. They talk the same, build the same sort of rough houses, make love in the same shy fashion, and are altogether very like the man whom the Arkansaw traveler met so many years ago. There are not so many of them here as there used to be, either. When the Memphis railroad built its extension out along the picturesque Current river, so as to afford an outlet for the immense pine forests of all this section, the natives stepped back. They could not ply the manufacture of moonshine whisky so well with a railroad within such easy distance, and then school-houses began to spring up and outsiders with modern ideas came in and began to till the soil as the forests were cut away. The original native here does not do anything but fish, hunt, and "raise er dab o' cotton." His house is made of rough logs, with one story and a sort of loft where strangers who stop for the night are shown to bed.

There may be a little moonshine made down here in Carter county even now, but there haven bee no complaints of such operations for several months. It was within a few miles of this place, however, only a few days ago that a United States revenue officer arrested a party of men for running a saloon on wheels. The officer had known for several weeks that whisky was being sold to the saw-mill workmen all through Carter county, but he could secure no evidence. A few days ago he heard that the men at a mill not far from here were getting whisky, and he set out to look them up. A few miles from town he came upon a party of strapping natives gathered around a wagon, on top of which was a barrel. Two men were drinking when the officer stepped up.

"Good stuff," he queried, unconcernedly.

"Yas," drawled a young fellow, who seemed to be in charge; "d'ye want some?"

"Yes," responded the officer, "I guess I'll take it all."



A SALOON IN CARTER COUNTY.

The seller started to make a figure on the whisky when an old man in the party, sitting on a stump near by, shrewdly guessed the identity of the officer, and exclaimed:

"Ye kain't tech me on this hyar, fer I an't got nothin' ter do 'ith it eriall.

"You are in very bad company, then," returned the officer, holding his revolver in hand. "Who are you, any way?"

"I'm ther preach'r fer ther cerkit—er Meth'dis' preach'r."

"Why are you here?" questioned the revenue man.

"Jest a seein' of it war good. Ef I laked ther sample I 'lowed ter take er dab home 'ith me."

The preacher was permitted to go, but several of the others were put under arrest. The officer making the capture had but one revolver, while the members of the party were heavily armed. The surprise was complete.

When the Memphis company extended its Current river branch into this section even the native settlers were few and far between. They could not read and they knew nothing of the world at large. They contended that the earth was flat on the old argument of placing a jug of water out for the night and if it was all right in the morning proof was conclusive that there had not been a turnover in the night. If some one had turned the jug over the native might have been convinced that, after all, there was something faulty in his theory.

Courtship here is funny. Everybody knows everybody's business, even to affairs of the heart. Let one rough youth be found "waitin' on" a girl of the neighborhood and it is soon the talk for miles around. I dropped in at a Carter county cabin a few nights ago for the purpose of securing lodging. The spare room was in the loft and I retired early. It was a trifle warm, and the mattress was moved up to the little hole—always found at the end of these cabins, up near the comb of the roof—where a breeze fanned through. No one could help hearing the voices that came up from outside of the cabin. The night was oppressively still and the old folks had gone to bed below. The conversation at the end of the house outside was evidently between the girl of the place and her "feller."

"The boys was riggin' me erbout you over ter Peases terday," the male voice said.

"Naw, they wa'n't, now," murmured the girl.

"Yes, they wuz," insisted the other, "an' 'tan't ther fust time I've got rigged erbout you."

"Jim!" murmured the girl.

"An' I 'lowed," continued Jim, "thet may be yer'd lak ter hear erbout it."

"Oh, Jim," was all that came up to the window.

"Whut ef I'd say I didn't keer er durn erbout ther riggin' I"



THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

"But yer do keer," interposed the girl.

"Naw," came the response, evidently playful.

"Yes," was the equally playful retort of the girl.

The voices grew less distinct, or else I was asleep, but presently they were louder again.

"Goin'?" the girl's voice asked.

"Um," responded the youth.

That was all that came up to the window. Everything was quiet. Two minutes later there was a bit of noise in the cabin below. The youth had gone home and the girl was going to bed.

A few weeks ago a bridal couple came in from over near Pine Valley, in Reynolds county, bound to "maw's folks," over in Shannon county. The young pair got out of the wagon, that was pulled up by two sleepy oxen. The man took a box from the vehicle and set it on the platform. The box was the only trunk they had, and in it were the clothing of both bride and groom. The happy pair sat on the box making sheep's eyes at each other and looking down the track for the train by turns. The groom was very proud of his new wife, surveying her with a look of complete satisfaction. The train drew up at last and the agent took the box and put it in the baggage-car. The bridal couple stood around for a minute, when the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

'Come on, Mary," called the groom, catching his wife by the hand; "we must git on."

The pair climbed the steps at the rear of the baggage-car, and, going into the end door, surprised the baggageman by seating themselves on the box. Before that official had recovered himself so as to explain matters the proud groom turned to his pleased wife and smilingly observed:

"It do beat all, Mary, how fine they's gettin' things. Ef ther folks et home c'ud on'y see us now, how'd they feel, d'ye reckon?"

When the baggageman kindly explained that the car was only for the conveyance of trunks and the like and showed the couple back into the day car, the groom was so much pleased that he kissed his beautiful bride right there before everybody.

Medical Superstitions.

There is a popular supposition of wide range, based upon I know not what, that it is very healthful for children to play with dogs. A weak child, it is thought, may gain strength by being with a dog, or, if diseased, the child may be cured by having the animal "take the disease"—for example, inflamed eyes or any disorder of the skin. Within a year a college graduate told me, in perfect good faith, of acquaintances, a Boston doctor and his wife, whose little girl had been greatly afflicted with some form of eczema, which they all hoped would disappear, as the parents had purchased a fine dog to play with the child.

When a dog is teething the upper incisors, according to a New England superstition, must be removed as soon as they become loose, or he may "swallow them and have fits." Perhaps even more generally received is the fancied danger of allowing a child's milk-tooth after extraction to fall into the possession of a dog or cat, lest the animal swallow it, and the child have a dog's or cat's tooth grow in place of the lost one. The Mexicans and Indians in Texas say that every animal has brains enough to tan its own skin, and so the latter, in the case of the wolf, panther, wild cat and some other animals, is mainly prepared by rubbing into the flesh side of it the brains of its former wearer. A somewhat common fancy among children, perhaps, too, adults as well, is that "every part strengthens a part"—that is, that the liver, heart, brains and so on, of animals, when eaten, go directly toward nourishing the corresponding organs in the eater. A similar doctrine was worked out in great detail by the American Indians, and is, I believe, held by many other savage tribes. It seems altogether probable that such beliefs, wherever found among civilized people, old or young, are survivals from some remote antiquity, and that they are closely akin in their nature and origin to the well-known doctrine of signatures which has played so great a part in the systems of medicines of primitive peoples.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Funny Country.

"America is a funny country," said a foreigner the other day. "If you ask a person to oblige you with a 2-cent stamp he feels insulted at our offering him the money for it, but if you ask him for a match he sarcastically asks you why you don't buy some."

An aged lady died suddenly in a hotel at Birmingham, Ala., and in her bustle $2,010 was found secreted.



UNDER THE EAVES.

A RIDE THAT RAISED HAIR.

How the Passengers on a Wild Engine Were Saved by an Oiled Track.

"Talk about fast time," said a railroad man on the Missouri Pacific train the other day to his companions, "but I have never heard of a trip that would beat one I made myself some years ago, nor of any half so exciting. I formerly lived at Garrett, Ind., the terminus of the central division of the Chicago division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I had little to do, and made the railroad yards my loafing headquarters. At that time 'Billy-O' had an arrangement with the Wabash to transfer all New York freight at Auburn Junction, nine miles distant, to the east of us. This was done by the old switch-engine, the 642, which made two trips to the junction daily. Well, one day I climbed aboard a box-car when the engine left with a few cars of merchandise to transfer. There were six of us in the party—four yardmen, another fellow, and myself. We had a jolly time going down; made the transfer, and were to come back 'light'—that is, with nothing but the engine. We had all crowded on the tender, the signal was given, and Gent Potter, the engineer, threw himself forward pulled at the throttle valve, and the engine jumped forward as if shot from a catapult. We did not think much of this at the time, as Gent was a fine engineer and handled the engine to suit his fancy. We went tearing over the railroad crossing and frogs in a manner that was frightful. The tender rocked as if on hinges. Something must be wrong, we thought, as Gent was placing our lives in jeopardy. Climbing over the coal we found the cab full of steam and Gent and the fireman hanging at the side of the engine.

"'Jump boys,' said they; 'jump for God's sake! The throttle valve is pulled clear out and the engine is running wild.'

"To jump would have been instant death. As one of the boys said afterward, the telegraph poles looked like a fine tooth comb. The mile posts flew by with unseemly rapidity. The yard foreman claimed that a mile was covered in 38 seconds, and not one would doubt his word. St. Joe was in sight. Would the track be clear? Only three miles to Garrett, with its network of tracks, switches, and spurs. The steam gauge registered ninety pounds. There was no hope of the engine dying out in five or six minutes. With presence of mind the foreman dashed off a few words:

"'Engine wild. Telegraph Garrett to clear the track.'

"This he dropped as we passed St. Joe, and the operator, clear to comprehend the situation, sent it to the dispatcher on the east end, without a 'call,' as we learned afterward. There was Garrett in sight, with its tall chimneys belching forth smoke; there were the yards filled with freight-cars and engines. As we got closer we could see them hurrying hither and thither. The other yard engine was rushing madly to the west end of the yard. The main track was clear. We passed the depot like a pursued victim. Pale faces watched us in our flight. We passed the railroad shops, and hundreds came running to see the cause of the commotion. The engine was in a quiver, the bell was ringing wildly with each sway of the engine, the escaping steam whistled as if demented, and fire blazed from the hot boxes. Then we saw something which made us think we were doomed. The switch to the coal chute was open, and the long ascent could only end in our destruction. We looked again, saw men working on the track, and then knew we were saved. What were they doing? Why, bless my soul, friend, those fellows were oiling the track of the chute. We struck the ascent and slid up about 100 feet, and then the old 642 stood still and the wheels flew around; sparks came from beneath them like from an emery wheel. Gradually the engine slid down, the wheels still in the forward motion, and thus the engine died out. We all suffered a severe shock to our nervous system, but had it not been for the presence of mind of the master mechanic, who ordered the oil poured on the chute track, I might not have been here today."

"How fast did you go?"

"Well, the first six miles were made in less than five minutes; the last three were made in much slower time, as the steam was exhausting itself rapidly." *Globe-Democrat.*

The Ride Into Kentucky.

From Mr. John Burroughs' "A Taste of Kentucky Blue grass," in the *Century*, we quote as follows: "All the way from Washington till I struck the heart of Kentucky the farmer in me was unhappy; he saw hardly a rod of land that he would like to call his own. But that remnant of the wild man of the woods, which most of us still carry, saw much that delighted him, especially down the New River, where the rocks and the waters, and the steep forest-clad mountains were as wild and as savage as anything he had known in his early Darwinian ages. But when we emerged upon the banks of the Great Kanawha, the man of the woods lost his interest, and the man of the fields saw little that was comforting.

"When we cross the line into Kentucky, I said, we shall see a change. But no, we did not. The farmer still groaned in spirit; no thrifty farms, no substantial homes, no neat villages, no good roads anywhere, but squalor and sterility on every hand. Nearly all the afternoon we rode through a country like the poorer parts of New England, unredeemed by anything like New England thrift. It was a country of coal, a very new country, geologically speaking, and the top-soil did not seem to have had time to become deepened and enriched by vegetable mold. Near sundown, as I glanced out of the window, I thought I began to see a change. Presently I was very sure I did. It began to appear in the more grassy character of the woods. Then I caught sight of peculiarly soft and uniform grassy patches here and there in the open. Then in a few moments more the train had shot us fairly into the edge of the blue-grass region, and the farmer in me began to be on the alert. We had passed in a twinkling from a portion of the earth's surface which is now, which is of yesterday, to a portion which is of the oldest, from the carboniferous to the lower silurian, the earth that saw and nourished the great monsters and dragons was growing the delicate blue-grass. It had taken all these millions upon millions of years to prepare the way for this little plant to grow to perfection. I thought I had never seen fields and low hills look so soft in the twilight; they seemed clad in greenish-gray fur. As we neared Mount Sterling, how fat and smooth the land looked; what long, even, gently flowing lines against the fading western sky, broken here and there by herds of slowly grazing or else reposing and ruminating cattle! What peace and plenty it suggested! From a land raw and crude and bitter like unripe fruit, we had suddenly been transported into the midst of one ripe and mellow with the fullness of time. It was sweet to look upon. I was seized with a strong desire to go forth and taste it by a stroll through it in the twilight."

IN REGARD TO SUNSTROKE.

The Things to be Done to Avoid It, or When It Occurs.

Sunstroke is one of the afflictions to which humanity is liable in summer, during the hottest of the weather. Heat and moisture together seem to be the conditions most favorable to its occurrence, for moisture in warm air prevents the radiation of heat from the body, and thermal fever, or sunstroke, as it is called, is probably an overheating of the blood, producing chemical or fermentive changes in it which are inimical to health and even to life. When, therefore, during the heated term, one who has been exposed to the sun's heated rays in a humid atmosphere begins to suffer from headache, giddiness, nausea, and disturbance of sight, accompanied with sudden and great prostration of the physical forces, sunstroke is probably imminent.

If such a one is wise, he will, when the symptoms above given manifest themselves, immediately seek a cool place and make use of some restoratives, such as aromatic ammonia, &c., and he may avoid further trouble, but if he persists with his business, he will doubtless soon become very ill, which illness usually takes the form of heat exhaustion, heat apoplexy, or genuine sunstroke, the thermic fever of some writers. Those who are exhausted by the heat have a cool, moist skin, a rapid, weak pulse and respiration movement, and the pupil of the eye is dilated. In fact, the symptoms are those of collapse. These patients will probably recover promptly, an event which may be hastened by the use of a tonic and restorative treatment.

Those who suffer from heat apoplexy frequently become unconscious at the outset. The heart and breathing apparatus are not markedly disturbed and the pupil may be normal, but unconsciousness deepens and the case runs on to a final termination. An artery has been broken in the brain, and the poured-out blood pressing on the nerve centres, brings about the fatal event. A treatment calculated to draw the blood from the brain to the extremities, hot foot baths, bleedings, &c., promises to be the most useful in such cases.

The thermic fever patient is unconscious and convulsed, and his body temperature may be 108 degrees Fahrenheit—that is, about ten degrees above normal. The skin of this patient feels as though it would burn your hand when laid thereon. In this case the thorough and prompt application of cold is needed. Ice to the head and cold water to the body generally will be in order.

Medical advice and assistance should be promptly had in either of the two cases last referred to. Complete recovery from sunstroke is rare, the brain being permanently crippled or affected. Residence in a cold climate, it is said, affords most hope for such patients.—*Boston Herald.*

Skipped a Cog.

I was waiting at the railroad depot at Cairo, Ill., and fell in with a young farmer and had quite a lengthy chat with him about agricultural matters. We took the same train and got into the smoker, and we had scarcely left Cairo when a young man sat down in the seat facing us and began to throw three cards about. It was the old, old game, and I smiled in contempt. Not so with my acquaintance, however. He was at once interested, and when I denounced the game as a swindle he replied:

"Well, I dunno about that. I believe I kin pick out that keerd."

It wasn't three minutes before he bet $5 that he could, and he won. Then he bet $10 and won. Then he bet $10 more and won.

"You were born lucky," said the sharper. "Don't you want to raise your bet?"

"I guess so. I'll go you $75 this time."

I expected to see him lose, of course, but he won, and as he did so the other uttered an oath about a rod long, and put up the cards. I saw that he was greatly perturbed, and said:

"What's the matter, old man?"

"That's what I'd like to know myself," he angrily exclaimed. "I'm no professional; I'm a farmer's hired man. About two weeks ago a chap came along and offered to show me how to work this for $25. I took it in. This is the first time I've tried it in public."

"And you are about a hundred dollars out?"

"Exactly. Hang me for a yaller calf, but the darned machinery has skipped a cog, blown out a flue, broke a piston rod, or bust a biler on me somewheres, and I'm so near dead broke that I can't raise a chaw of tobacco. I orter known better. Kick my shins if I ever did have sense enough to burglarize a haystack, and here I've gone broke and made a fool of myself to boot!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Why It Hasn't Increased.

The town of Gilroy, Cal., which is in the heart of a rich country, has added only twelve to its population in ten years. This is because the land is held by large owners in ranches of many thousand acres, and small farmers can not get a foothold.

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SUNDAY READING.

AN HOUR'S SERIOUS PERUSAL FOR THE SABBATH DAY.

Sensations at Death—Mind is Eternal—The Sinner Makes His Hell—Etc., Etc.

The Best We Can.

When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands,
And say, "No use in trying,
Fate baffles all our plans."
Let not your courage falter,
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast—
"I'll do the best I can."

If clouds blot out the sunshine
Along the way you tread,
Don't grieve in hopeless fashion
And sigh for brightness fled.
Beyond the clouds the sunlight
Shines in the Eternal Plan;
Trust that the way will brighten,
And do the best you can.

Away with vain repinings;
Sing songs of hope and cheer,
Till many a weary comrade
Grows strong of heart to hear.
He who sings over trouble
Is aye the wisest man,
He can't help what has happened,
But—does the best he can.

So, if things won't go to suit us,
Let's never fume nor fret,
For finding fault with fortune
Ne'er mended matters yet.
Make the best of whate'er happens;
Bear failure like a man;
And in good or evil fortune,
Do just the best you can.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sensations at Death.

Some curious examples are given by a writer of a well-known phenomenon—the fact that the events of a lifetime will sometimes pass in a moment through the mind of a person who is on the point of death by drowning or suffocation. Speaking of the death of Lord Ponsonby, who was hanged by the mob in Paris in 1791, and cut down before life was extinct, the author says:

He (Lord Ponsonby) proceeded, to give an account of his sensation on returning to consciousness. He could not have been actually suspended in mid-air more than a few seconds, and yet in that brief space of time all the events of his past life passed through his mind. It is true that his life to the date had not been a very eventful one, being only 19 years of age, but every past sensation was renewed with all its freshness. It is also remarkable that he did not at the time experience any sensation of fear, while, he added, his was an essentially nervous temperament.

The remarkable mental power of calling up the past in moments of suspended animation have been frequently mentioned. One was the case of Count Zichy, in the revolution of 1848 in Vienna. He was caught by the savage mob, hung like Lord Ponsonby in the middle of the street, when his own regiment charged down and cut the cords as he was swinging in the air. He fell to the ground and was supposed to be dead; but his recovery was a very different matter from Lord Ponsonby's, for he suffered agonies, and for ten days had four men constantly with him. He describes exactly the same sensations as Lord Ponsonby; the scroll of what was a much longer life unrolled; even the smallest detail rushed back on his memory; he had the same fearlessness at the moment, but he felt all the horror of the agony when the danger was passed.

A most interesting little experience of Admiral Beaufort bears testimony to this seemingly universal experience in sudden danger. "Thought succeeded thought," says the Admiral, "with a rapidity that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation—the event that had just taken place, the effect it would have on my family, and a thousand circumstances, connected with home, traveling backward in time in retrograde succession." All this proves that duration of life does not depend on hours, but on the number of impressions conveyed to the brain.

The Sinner Makes His Hell.

The sinner makes his own hereafter. Remember that heaven is a holy soul in a holy place. Think how a sinner and sin lover would feel in the full blaze of heaven's glory. Here is a man who has been living in sin; all the years he has been wallowing in slime; he has been loving what God hates and hating what God loves; he has no fellowship with Christ; he has made no effort to keep company with the heavenly Father. He dies, he passes into the unseen, he comes up before God and stands before the great white throne. Around him are heavenly hosts, their souls as pure as their spotless robes, their faces all radiant with the light of God's own holiness. Before him is the Christ whom he has rejected, the Saviour whom he has neglected, the Master whose will he has refused to do. Down into his soul flashes the searching light from the holy and eternal God. It lights up every corner of the heart, it pierces through every veil, it reveals the soul through and through. In the pure light of heaven his own deformity and unfitness stand out in tenfold clearness. Does he find heaven a place of blissful power? Does he enjoy the presence of God? With bursting heart he cries out in anguish, "Let me go; let me go to my own place." To be unloving, unspiritual, unholy, unChristlike, how can such a one be blessed? Sin unfits the soul for heaven; it prepares it, fits it for hell.

Indestructibility of Mind.

Man, at the age of twenty, retains not a particle of matter in which his mind was invested when he was born. Nevertheless, at the age of eighty years, he is conscious of being the same individual he was as far back as his memory can go—that is to say, to the period when he was four or five years old. Whatever it be, therefore, in which this consciousness of fidelity resides, it can not consist of a material substance, since, had it been material, it must have been repeatedly changed, and the source of identity must have been destroyed. It is, consequently, an ethereal spirit, and as it remains the same throughout all the alterations that can take place in the body, it is not dependent on the body for its existence; and is thus calculated to survive the ever changing frame by which it is encircled. The frame becomes stiff, cold and motionless, when the circulation of the blood ceases; it is consigned to the earth, and is separated by insects into a thousand other forms of matter; but the mind undergoes no such transformation; it is unassailable by the worms. If matter subject as it is to perpetual changes does not and can not possibly perish, how can the mind perish, which knows of no mutation? There is no machinery prepared by which such destruction could be accomplished; nor could machinery be prepared for such a purpose without an entire subversion of the laws of nature. But as these laws emanated from the wisdom of the Creator, they could not be altered, much less subverted, without involving the inconsistency into which it is impossible for divine wisdom to fall.—*New York Ledger.*

The Christian Home.

The Christian home is not an austere one, more like a prison than anything else. Christ did not tell Martha to clear away her dishes, nor the rich man to give no more feasts, nor the bride and bride groom to cease the merry reception of their friends. No! not this. Yet there would be something different in the tone, because he was there. That shoving and pushing for the best chair, that eating and drinking for their own sakes, that pride and ostentation which so often spread the table, that supersensitive criticism of manners because some had not obeyed a ceremonial law; these things would hide their diminished heads in the presence of Christ. What we need is the presence and spirit of the Master to guide, to temper, to control, and to sanctify our home joys. The simplest pleasures are the most satisfying. We cannot afford enjoyment on a large scale. But we may and should have them on the small. The merry laugh at table, the simple ditty, the old song, the indoor games, the outdoor pastimes, the face dimpled with smiles, the children's hour, the frolic, the fun—these do much to keep the wheels going smoothly, and amid the severe struggle of life they are needed as much by the old as by the young. He who has been kept all day at prices, stocks, goods, could do no better than to listen to a few foolish nursery rhymes. The wise man knows how to be foolish within limitations. And it is an entire misconception of Christianity to suppose that our Lord frowns at fun, or pours contempt upon wholesome play. No! He who made the sea to smile and the valleys to laugh and sing when the corn is ripe, means our household to be full of music.

The Roll-Call in Heaven.

An incident is related by an army chaplain. The hospital tents had been filling up fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from our homes lay sleeping on the battle-field that sleep that knows no waking until Jesus shall call for them.

The surgeons had gone their rounds of duty, and, for a moment, all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, called in a clear, distinct voice, "Here!" The surgeon hastened to his side, and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he; "they are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone, gone to join the great army, whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Reader, in the great roll-call of eternity, your name will be heard; can you answer "Here"? Are you one of the soldiers of Christ, the great Captain of salvation?

Suicides.

Men who take their own lives because they have committed crime, show that they are cowards; otherwise, when they had come to their senses and desired to reform, they would abhor the idea of suicide. Did such people know, as we do, that when they go to spirit-life they are treated as cowards, and have for hundreds of years to take a back seat in consequence, they would stay in their allotted bodies as long as Mother Nature designed they should occupy them. The great law of nature is inexorable, and the penalty for its disobedience cannot be escaped.—*Banner of Light.*

At Peace With Themselves.

Amidst the storms and tempests of the world, their is a perfect calm in the breasts of those who not only do the will of God, but love to do it. They are at peace with God by the blood of reconciliation, at peace with themselves by the answer of a good conscience; at peace with all men by a spirit of charity; and the whole creation is at peace with them, for all things work together for their good. Nothing can rob them of this peace. Heavenly peace surmounts every obstacle, and runs with delight the way of God's commandments.—*Bishop Horne.*

ACROSS LAKE TITICACA.

THE HIGHEST NAVIGABLE WATER ON THE GLOBE.

It is Situated 12,550 Feet Above the Sea—Steamers That Accomodate 24 Passengers and Were Carried Piecemeal Over the Mountains.

Afloat on Lake Titicaca! writes a tourist from Peru. How the very name recalls school days and geography lessons, though in that early time, when we located unpronounceable names on the map of a country which to our young imaginations did not exist anywhere but on paper, we had no idea of proving their reality by a personal visit. It is amusing to remember what incorrect pronunciation of most of these South American names the teachers laboriously drilled into us; and the fact remains that many of them are still called, in our best schools, by names which the residents of the places would hardly recognize.

However pleased the traveler may be to find himself sailing the highest navigable water on the globe, he must pay the price of many discomforts for his rare experience. Not only is there sirrocho to contend with, which makes a nervous person feel as if grim death were clutching his heart-strings with icy fingers and piling a thousand pounds weight upon his chest, while all the blood in the body seems to fill the head to bursting, crimsoning the face and leaving the lower extremities cold as ice, but the most weather-beaten voyager is bound to suffer all the pangs of sea-sickness, though he may have circumnavigated the globe without a qualm of it.

Consulting a map of South America, you will find Titicaca about midway down the continent, but only 325 miles inland from the Pacific. It lies at an altitude of 12,550 feet above the level of the sea, in an enormous basin, whose eastern border is bounded by the loftiest cordilleras of the Andes, an unbroken, untrodden, snow-crowned wall, several of whose peaks rival Chimborazo in height and sublimity. In shape the lake is an irregular oval, extending almost due north and south, 120 miles long, its greatest width being about 57 miles. It has an average depth of 1,000 feet, but in many places line and plummet have failed to find the bottom.

Though many rivers, fed by mountain snows, flow into it, there is no visible outlet except the Desaguadero River, a broad, deep, swift, but not turbulent, stream, 170 miles long, which itself has many tributaries and a fall of 500 feet and discharges into Lake Aullagas, away to the southward. Of the latter lake very little is known except that it has no outlet to the sea unless it be subterranean, though receiving the drainage of the great upper basin and having several other powerful feeders besides the Desaguerado. During rainy seasons and dry its water always remains at precisely the same depth, though no fewer than nine considerable streams flow into it.

Lake Titicaca never freezes over, whatever the weather, though even in summer time ice frequently forms near the shore where the bays are shallow. This mysterious body of water exercises a very marked and important influence on the climate of this cold region, being always from ten to twelve degrees Fahrenheit warmer than the surrounding atmosphere. Its islands and peninsulas feel this influence most perceptibly, and corn and barley ripen upon them, though on the mainland hereabouts they never reach maturity.

The steamers, which by tight squeezing will accommodate twenty-four passengers each, are of 100 tons burden. Being never heavily loaded, they roll and tremble and toss about on the stormy waves in a way calculated to appall the stoutest heart and upset the strongest stomach, while winds howl, shriek and moan among the rigging like a legion of lost spirits, or as if the angry gods of Titicaca Island, whose temples the Europeans have destroyed, were in revengeful pursuit.

Going straight across from Chililaya to Puno the trip is only 110 miles, and is usually made in twelve or fourteen hours, but one can get quite enough of it in that length of time, I assure you. The little steamers that required ten years in the building were brought piecemeal over the mountains on the backs of mules, before the day of the railroad, much as Cortez carried his historic ships from Vera Cruz to the lakes of Tenochtitlan.

The Mossback Citizen.

Men, like money, must circulate. If money is stored away in a strong box the dollars will not breed pounds. So with the business man. If he buries himself he will not partake of the fat of the land. Both must pass around. He of the store, shop or mill who does not keep in touch with his fellows is a dead weight on the neck of progress. He is satisfied to glean after others reap so long as he profits by the harvest. He will not lead or be led. If pushed he falls. The wind of the rushers takes his breath away. So he grubs along in the old row with the antique implements—a speck on the business track, a clam on the sands of the trade sea. He won't come out of his shell; no, not he. When the tide comes he'll ride with the rest, and that's all he wants. His business goes along in the same groove. No new notions for him; no trimmings for his trade; no noise while he sleeps; no fresh paint on his old sign; no new wine in his old bottles. He never gets around among his neighbors. He's out of touch with the life that came since he went to sleep. He won't rub his eyes and wake up to the demands of the present. Oh, no, the city was big enough when he came, and further growth means nothing so far as he's concerned. So he sticks to the same street every day—he old path, the old people. None of your modern, progressive young chaps for him. He is blinded by self, and will see not; he is deafened by greed, and will hear not; he is paralyzed by dignity, and will feel not; he is benumbed by fogyism, and will talk not. He's a back number, and should be turned down.

WAYS OF THE WORLD.

One of Which is the Way of the Train Boy in Fleecing Innocents.

The experienced train boy was apparently giving instructions to a youth whom he was breaking in as an assistant.

In the seat directly in front of the two sat Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Korpunk, of Georgeson's Cross Roads. It was their first trip away from home.

"You can generally tell by their looks," said the peanut boy, oracularly, "whether it's goin' to pay to try to come any little game over 'em or not. See that chap half way between here an' the other end of the car? Well, you could sell that man a dime novel for a dolar and a half and rope him in on the dollar-in-the-box trick just as easy as look at him. You'd be wastin' your time, though, to try and play any tricks on such people as these two in front of us. They're old travelers. No use to show them anything but what's bang up genuine an' cheap. If you've got anything that's fresh an' wuth the money, them folks is of the customers to take 'em to the first thing. Snide goods won't go down with such customers as them, I tell you. Well I must work the train now. Remember what I've told you."

"That boy is a mighty good judge of human nature, Jose, isn't he?" said Harrison to his wife, after the experienced peanut boy had gone into the forward car to get his basket. "He thought he wasn't talking loud enough for us to hear, but I've got pretty sharp ears. I heard every blamed word he said. Well it's a fact, Jose," he added, "it wouldn't be much use to try any of his little tricks on me. I've got my eye teeth all cut. Here he comes. If he's got anything worth buying he'll come straight to us. You see if he doesn't."

And before the peanut boy was done with Mr. Harrison Korpunk he had sold him half a dozen prize packages, five boxes of last year's maple caramels, a dozen sour oranges, three 25-cent books for half a dollar each, unloaded his entire stock of moldy figs on him, and cleaned him out of a $2 bill on an innocent little trick with a pill-box and a gold coin.

"Jose," said Harrison, after he had sat looking out of the car window for about five miles, "durned if I don't begin to think he said all that to the other boy on purpose for me to hear it!"

The Biggest Apple Tree.

The largest apple tree in New England, and probably in the world, is in the northwestern part of Cheshire, Conn., standing in Mr. Delos Hotchkiss' dooryard. Its age can be traced by a family tradition to 140 years at least, and it may be twenty or twenty-five years older. It is at the present time of symmetrical shape: the trunk is nearly round, without a scar or blemish on it; there are eight large branches; five of them have been in the habit of bearing one year and the remaining three the next. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in one one year from the five branches 85 bushels of fruit, and his predecessor had harvested a crop of 110 bushels from the same five branches. By careful measurement, the circumference of the trunk one foot above the ground, above all enlargements of the roots, is thirteen feet eight inches. The girth of the largest single limb is six feet eight inches. The height of the tree has been carefully measured and found to be sixty feet, and the spread of the branches as the apples fall is 100 feet, or six rods. The fruit is rather small, sweet, and of moderate excellence.

Inconsistency.

"Yas, sah; hit do beat my time."

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Boss, does you see dem niggers gwine long de road out dar? Dem hyperlutin' ornery coons is gwine to chu'ch."

"Well, what about it?"

"Hit's jes' dis way. Dem niggers'll wuk out'n de harves' fiel' in er July sun all de week widout enny hat. Den w'en Sunday comes dey'll h'ist er $2 umbreller over er 50 cent suit uv clotes. Dat's whut mek me say w'ut I does."—Chicago Herald.

Theory and Practice.

Mistress—Mere on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why it will take you a week to get things cleaned up! What have you been doing?

Servant—Sure, mum, the young leddies have just been down here showing me how they roast a potato at the cooking school.

EUROPEANS IN AFRICA.

Englishmen Exploring Inland North of Sierra Leone—Needs of Travelers.

A British expedition left England last week for Sierra Leone, where they will be joined by about 300 natives. The party will meet a French expedition and will go far inland for the purpose of determining the frontier between the French and English colonies in the region north of Sierra Leone. They will take about a year to perform the task and it is expected they will march inland 700 miles. The work before them is of an arduous and dangerous nature, as not a few of the tribes are known to be unfriendly and also cannibals. While carrying out the survey the party will have to keep an eye on the natives and devote considerable time to the question of food supply.

H. H. Johnson, the explorer, who has been in Africa most of the time since he left school, said in a lecture at Liverpool the other day that men who go to Africa should not be younger than twenty-one nor older than thirty. If they are middle sized and thin, so much the better for them. They must abstain from alcohol, must be temperate in their eating also, and in general must lead very orderly lives if they wish to live there. He said a great many men who go to the dark continent indulge in all manner of excesses, which they would not be guilty of at home, and then when they are stricken down they solemnly ask what can be expected from such a beastly climate.

The British are trying hard to raise $25,000 to place a small steamer on Victoria Nyanza for missionaries, traders, and other white people. They have not raised quite half the sum required, and the work seems to be at a standstill. Stanley has made another appeal for funds, and has called attention to the fact that the Germans succeeded in a short time in raising money enough to build two steamers, which are to be launched on the same lake. If this appeal does not bring the money needed the British committee will return the fund to the subscribers.

WOMEN IN MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

Good Expected of the Experiment at Johns Hopkins University.

The action of the board of trustees of the Johns Hopkins University recently accepting the handsome contribution of the Woman's Medical Fund association to promote the higher medical education of women in the school of this institution is a very gratifying event in many ways. Originating with the women of Baltimore, who have been always noted for their encouragement of liberal education and enlarging the business and professional sphere of their sex, the women of the country have handsomely seconded the movement, and it is in a fair way now of winning all the success desired for it by its fair promoters. Not only this, but the promise is good for the proper endowment and secure establishment of a medical school on the foundation of the Johns Hopkins hospital. Having raised $100,000 with the view to the higher medical education of women, the ladies are going on with the work to aid all they can the establishment of the Hopkins School of Medicine upon a secure as well as a broad basis. The only thing needed was the hearty co-operation of the university trustees, which they have now received, and it has encouraged them to go on with the noble work. In raising the minimum sum of $100,000 the Baltimore society has been largely helped by influential ladies of other cities, where auxiliary societies have been formed. The admission of women to the medical school of the university whenever it shall open, on the same terms as men, is an assured thing and a very gratifying result. A local committee has been started in Washington to solicit funds, with Mrs. Harrison at its head, and similar committees have been enlisted in various other important centers of the country.

Impermeable Glue.

To make an impermeable glue, soak ordinary glue in water until it softens, and remove it before it has lost its primitive form. After this dissolve it in linseed oil over a slow fire until it is brought to the consistence of a jelly. This glue may be used for joining any kinds of material. In addition to strength and hardness, it has the advantage of resisting the action of water.

DR. CALVERT, 138 STATE ST., CORNER MADISON. Specialty, diseases of women and the nervous system. All diseases of the skin, nose, throat, and lungs successfully treated; twelve years' practice. Consultation free. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Suite 311 elevator, 75 Madison St.

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N. B.—A spacious and elegant building for the permanent home of the Athenæum, next to the Art Institute on Van Buren St., will be open in January next.

Harsh Punishment.

Mr. Scrubbs (indignantly)—"Sir, I have just discovered that your son has engaged himself to two of my daughters."

Mr. Grubbs (stupefied) — "The young rascal! He should be compelled to marry them both."—*New York Weekly.*

Sol. Smith Russell in "A Poor Relation" at the Timmerman Opera House, Englewood, Monday evening, Nov. 17.

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The educated have a vast advantage over the ignorant. This is seen in every-day life. Nothing pays so well as an education and no education is so useful and valuable as a business education. It puts into the possession of a young man the tools of making his way in the world. It qualifies him to do something and be somebody. We hope that our young people will write to Prof. Powers of the Metropolitan Business College, cor. Monroe St. and Michigan Ave., City, concerning this excellent school. This is the time of the year to make arrangements, and then start in the fall and winter and acquire a thorough business education and training. There are plenty of good openings for smart, well-trained young men. Prof. Powers' school is placing hundreds of worthy young men and ladies in good business positions every year after they have completed their practical training.

A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating aparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

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PENSIONS.
The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address,
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

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Cures in from 1 to 5 days without pain, causes no stricture, a positive cure guaranteed. Male or female. Put up in solid or liquid form, can be taken in the form of a pill, has no taste. Price $1.00. For sale by all druggists. Sent to any part of U. S. upon receipt of price. Securely packed. Address
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JOHN WHITE'S THANKSGIVING.

"Thanksgiving!—for what!"
—and he muttered a curse—
"For the plainest of food
and an empty purse;
For a life of hard work
and the shabbiest clothes!
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks,
It is they who can;
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man."
So said John White
to his good wife Jane,
And o'er her face
stole a look of pain.
"Nothing, dear John!"
and he thought again;
Then glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
"I was wrong," he said;
"I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too."
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy;
And she kissed her John
as he went away;
And he said to himself
as he worked that day;
"I was wrong, very wrong;
I'll not grumble again,
I should surely be thankful
for baby and Jane."

THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.



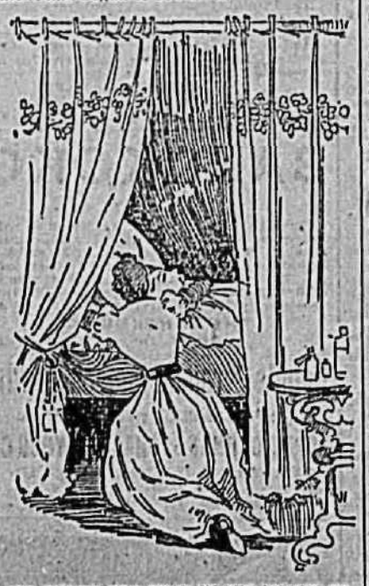
DREADFUL indeed had been the accident. Thro' the carelessness of a switch-tender, a passenger-train had jumped the track and plunged over a high trestle-work. Twenty people were killed at once, and at least forty injured. Among the latter was James Saybrook. Some had bruises and broken bones; others were taken up insensible, and, after lingering a few days, died without returning to consciousness—a merciful dispensation. The physicians pronounced Mr. Saybrook's spine so seriously injured that they could hold out but slight hope of his recovery.

He was a vigorous man of middle-age, with a loving wife and three children; full of plans for a career he meant to make noble and useful. His reputation was wide and lofty, his personal friends numerous and warm; he had a moderate fortune and a pleasant home. What more could life offer? Yet here he lay, the victim of a man's carelessness.

It seemed to his wife that, with him, all she cared for was fading away. Her children were about her, and she clung to her husband for help to bear the cares and burdens of living, till she had grown as a vine grows—weak of stem, unable to stand alone, prostrate if unaided. Now she was wearing out with the strain of suspense and anxiety; trying to keep her face calm, and her hands steady; leaving the bedside only when flesh and spirit could bear the stress no longer, and to stay would have been dangerous to her husband, and agony unendurable to her.

So it went on, day after day. Sometimes he was better, or she thought so; oftener he was worse. The alternations of hope and fear tortured her, and, in watching the minute symptoms and trivial details, she lost all power to comprehend the case.

She did not see that he gained nothing, that no day found him stronger, but that every week he lost something and suffered some new pain. But the end came, and to her came suddenly. She was called from her troubled sleep, to find him unconscious, to see him die, speechless and unrecognizing. As she buried her head in the pillow beside her dead, she longed to be dead, too. But the children called from without. Life challenged her, even in her despair. They must not enter, so she rose and went out to them. They were children—they could not even know what death was; and their questions, their want of grief, stung her to the quick. She was not generous or sympathetic enough to understand them, and for the first time she felt a fierce impatience of their presence, and sent them away to the nursery. Then she was quite alone and began to realize it.



SHE BURIED HER HEAD IN THE PILLOW BESIDE HER DEAD.

But why should I describe the dire anguish we have almost all of us suffered in some form! What I have to do with is Mrs. Saybrook's life after the funeral pageant was over, the grave green, the children taught the sorrow by those about them, and then comforted out of it into forgetfulness. But Harriet Saybrook did not forget; time could not comfort her. She felt, day by day, more deeply her loss; she fathomed its meaning; she knew it to be past repair—in the language of Scripture, she "refused to be comforted."

Her children were careless, happy, and in health—they had their school and comrades; but she had few friends in Salem where her husband had brought her a bride.

She was not a woman of broad nature, and yet she was intense. She had found all she wanted or needed in her husband's affection and society—even the children were secondary to him in her heart; and though she had acquaintances in her own social sphere, and dispensed charity as freely as her means would allow, there was no one now to whom she could open her heart, and thus find relief of "the grief that speaks."

A dreary Sunday in November had come to an end. The twilight shadows had fallen, and after going into the nursery to see the children safe in bed, she went down into the library, to spend a solitary evening. The rain beat fiercely against the windows, and, in its gusty pauses the surf sent its thundering echo on the wings of the wind, even through the heart of the town. She stood before the fire in her somber widow's weeds, gazing absently into the flickering flames. She was thinking about the proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, that had been read from the pulpit that morning. And a smile, sadder than tears, crossed her lips. "Thanksgiving!" she murmured, "I keep Thanksgiving!" She sank into a chair, and lost herself in a gloomy reverie. She thought of the many times she had kept that festival—kept it outwardly and in spirit for she was a good woman, and had meant to be a grateful one, till three months ago! She remembered her childhood. How long the years seemed then; how she looked forward to the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins, in the old red farmhouse; and what wonderful viands grandmother always spread before them.

Then she was a girl, coming back from school, and her brother brought his classmate home with him—"to spend Thanksgiving." So she had met her husband. Her brother was dead long since; and now James. A low cry escaped her; the fire grew dull; and she went on with her review of the past. Then came her wedding day on Thanksgiving Day.

After that, were not all her Thanksgivings alike, full of cheer, gratitude, blessedness! And now—

"I shall not try to keep Thanksgiving," she said dreamily; and looking up, saw her husband sitting opposite her in his own chair, which she had never moved from its place by the hearth. Strangely enough, she felt neither surprise nor fear, nor did she remember her loss. It seemed so natural to see him there, that only a sweet sense of peace stole over her soul. He looked at her with tender gravity, and very clearly and slowly repeated a favorite quotation of his: "Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy," adding, "there are other widows besides you, Hattie."



SHE SAT DOWN BY THE FIRE.

Other widows! What did he mean! A brand fell, blazed up, and went out. She started up and looked eagerly about. The chair opposite hers was empty. The clock on the mantel struck nine. It had marked the half-hour, she remembered, just as the first brands fell together. It had been a dream, then. She shivered and came back to reality, lighted the lamp, fed the dying fire, and returned to her new grief. Now, because that face had been so real, her gladness so deep, and now it was lost once more, with a fresh bereavement. But though the tears fell hopelessly and fast from her eyes, and her heart ached anew with rebellious anguish, still his words kept recurring to her. She had not thought of that before. There were other widows, no doubt—others sorrowing with her sorrow; in kind, if not in degree. She remembered several whom she had visited in her charitable rounds, and was startled to remember how she had passed their sorrows by without any real sympathy. A sense of companionship stole over her, as if, suddenly wrecked on some desert shore, she had met with beings of her own race after long, lonely weeks of silence and despair.

Then the thought flashed across her that these women must dread the recurrence of Thanksgiving, just as she did. Why could she not ask them all to keep the day with her!

She fell asleep thinking the matter over, and awoke in the morning with a shame-faced sense of some light and interest creeping into her life, hitherto so sacredly wretched. Then she remembered her dream—her husband's sad, grave face. Perhaps she had done wrong in mourning him so devotedly that even her children had been set aside from their place. Possibly it would please him better if she carried out her plan.

When the morning's duties were fulfilled she sat down again by the fire—not to dream now, but to plan for action. But whom should she invite? For she began to see that Mrs. Broome, who lived in the fourth story of a tenement house, and earned a precarious living, would hardly be a fit companion at dinner for Mrs. Graves, whose husband had left her a large fortune.

A text from the Bible flashed into her mind: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." With a thrill in her darkened soul, she recognized the Master's call. She was a sincere Christian, but her love and her great loss had come between her and duty. The question as to her guests was settled, and, in the afternoon, she set out on her errand. She selected six poor widows, who would probably not have feasted, but fasted at their own homes. Mrs. Saybrook felt there was a weight off her mind, and felt also that she had been a happier and better woman for the last week. The children entered joyfully into the idea of a Thanksgiving so novel, and all the more that their mother told them with trembling lips: "Papa would like it."



THE DINNER PROVED A GREAT SUCCESS.

At last the festival day came. Mrs. Broome, in her new cap, and Mrs. Perkins, trying to look blandly indifferent, were the first to arrive. Then the carriage made a second trip, bringing lame Mrs. Hutchins, very meek in her alpaca gown; Mrs. Peck, proudly stepping along, and Aunt Hannah Bromfield, as "genteel" as she could make herself in a new muslin handkerchief. "Widder Johnson" lived round the corner, so came on foot, entering with a new ear trumpet in her hand, her face radiant.

The dinner proved a great success. The "baby" of the house sat in his high chair by mamma; but the elder boy and girl waited on the guests, and enjoyed their office.

"Them is sweet children of you'n, Mis' Saybrook," sighed Mrs. Broome. "My! if I'd had chick or child, 'twould have been such a blessin'."

"That's so!" chimed in Mrs. Perkins, "I had two on 'em, to be sure, when Perkins was took; but they wasn't no comfort to speak of for they went and had diptheery inside of six months, and one of 'em died right off, just as sudden. T'other held by quite a spell, but she was the miserablest you ever see. I couldn't feel to keep her here a mite longer, I wanted her to get rest and easement so."

Mrs. Saybrook's arm stole about little Willie and Mrs. Hutchins said very gently: "I expect folks each has their special troubles. I can't but remember't when Josiah died and left me nigh about helpless with hip trouble—and a young babe, too. It did seem as though nobody ever had, or could have, no affliction like mine; but some how I got along, and I found that there was others quite as bad off as I was, and the Lord helps the lame and the poor," and a smile and tear together set their bright seal to her confession of faith.

"Well!" said Mrs. Peck, with an audible sniff and a hard voice. "I didn't think I was the worst off that ever was when Peck died. He was a drinkin' man. I didn't know nothin' of it when we was married. He had the tremens three times, and died on't; and I went out a-sewin', to keep body and soul together. I could have taken care of myself of my eyes hadn't ha' give out a spell ago."

Mrs. Saybrook regarded her with infinite pity.

"You don't none of ye hev jest my trial," said Aunt Hannah Bromfield. "Tom Bromfield was fust mate to a whalin' ship when we were married. My sakes! how lively he was. He had money, too. We was real well off. 'Twas kinder harrowin' to hev him up an' off for a three years' voyage right away, and then he didn't stay home no time when he did come; but I had twins for to show him when he come back fust, and you never see a man so pleased. Well, them boys was company for me, you'd better believe. They was always a-talkin' about pa, an' where he went to, and what he did, and a-tellin' about whales and harpooners, and hed their little ships a-sailin' in the pools. It makes me laugh now to think of their tricks." And Aunt Hannah drew her red silk handkerchief across her eyes, not as if she were laughing.

"The fust I knowed, my boys were eighteen years old, and they hadn't seen their pa more'n six times; but he came back then, and there they was, as likely men as you'd see; and he had money in the bank, and he and John Stims they clubbed and built a whaler o' their own, and Tom was cap'en and John fust mate, and nothin' would do but them boys must go along fust voyage. Well, it's thirty years ago. I'm past 68 now; but I don't like to talk on't. The upshot is, sea and waves roarin' day an' night, night an' day; winds a-blowin' and tempest howlin', and no more boys, nor husband, nor nothin', and here I be. I don't know so much as where their bones do lie, nor I haven't these thirty years."

There was a dead silence. Nobody felt like breaking it; but little Ray, who had listened, with her sweet blue eyes wide opened and her lips apart, put both her arms around Aunt Hannah's neck, and, with a child's quick wisdom, gave her a resounding kiss.

"That done me real good, dearie," she said. "I kep' a school for children twenty odd year. I do'n know but what I should ha' died but for them. Wasn't it work, now, I tell ye; but I hain't got nothin' to wait for now—only for the sea to give 'em up, and that's pretty fur ahead."

The others said nothing. Doubtless, they too had their sorrows, but they would sound tame after Aunt Hannah's recital. When dinner was over they gathered about the drawing-room fire, and tea was served. Soon afterward the carriage took them away in relays, and Harriet Saybrook sat down in the library and hid her face in her hands.

What had she to be thankful for! Living, affectionate children, a long sweet memory of love and care lavished on her of complete happiness, an ample provision left—not only for her needs, but her comforts. How terribly ungrateful, how unthinking, how sinful she had been. Only one cry could burst from her lips: "I do thank Thee! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

And neither she nor her guests of that occasion ever forgot her first, but not her last, "Widow's Thanksgiving Festival."

HILLS ABOUT NAZARETH.

DR. TALMAGE'S HOLY LAND DISCOURSES CONTINUED.

The Scenes of Christ's Boyhood Described.—The Value of the Country-bred Boy to Civilization.—The Sermon on the Mount.—Turning Water into Wine.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1890.—The interest in the series of sermons in which Dr. Talmage is describing his recent tour in Palestine and inculcating Gospel lessons suggested by his theme, increases from week to week. There was never so large a crowd at any one of the previous eight sermons as there was today around the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the morning and at the New York service in the evening to hear the ninth sermon. The subject was "Among the Holy Hills," and the text Luke 4:16—"He came to Nazareth where he was brought up." Following is the sermon:

What a splendid sleep I had last night in a Catholic convent, my first sleep within doors since leaving Jerusalem, and all of us as kindly treated as though we had been the Pope and his college of cardinals passing that way. Last evening the genial sisterhood of the convent ordered a hundred bright-eyed Arab children brought out to sing for me, and it was glorious! This morning I come out on the steps of the convent and look upon the most beautiful village of all Palestine, its houses of white limestone. Guess its name! Nazareth, historical Nazareth, one of the trinity of places that all Christian travelers must see or feel that they have not seen Palestine, namely, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Nazareth. Babyhood, boyhood, manhood of Him for whom I believe there are fifty million people who would now, if it were required, march out and die whether under axe or down in the floods or straight through the fire.

All Christ's boyhood was spent in this village and its surroundings. There is the very well called "The Fountain of the Virgin," to which by his mother's side he trotted along holding her hand. No doubt about it; it is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for three thousand years. This morning we visit it, and the mothers have their children with them now as then. The work of drawing water in all ages in those countries has been women's work. Scores of them are waiting for their turn at it, three great and everlasting springs rolling out into that well their barrels, their hogsheads of water in floods gloriously abundant. The well is surrounded by olive groves and wide spaces in which people talk and children, wearing charms on their heads as protection against the "evil eye," are playing, and women with their strings of coin on either side of their faces, and in skirts of blue, and scarlet, and white, and green, move on with water-jars on their heads. Mary, I suppose, almost always took Jesus the boy with her, for she had no one she could leave Him with, being in humble circumstances and having no attendants. I do not believe there was one of the surrounding fifteen hills that the boy Christ did not range from bottom to top, or one cavern in their sides He did not explore, nor one species of bird flying across the tops that He could not call by name, or one of all the species of fauna browsing on those steeps that He had not recognized.

You see it all through His sermons. If a man becomes a public speaker, in his orations or discourses you discover his early whereabouts. What a boy sees between seven and seventeen always sticks to him. When the Apostle Peter preaches you see the fishing nets with which he had from his earliest days been familiar. And when Amos delivers his prophecy you hear in it the bleating of the herds which he had in boyhood attended. And in our Lord's sermons and conversations you see all the phases of village life, and the mountainous life surrounding it. They raised their own chickens in Nazareth, and in after time he cries: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He had seen his mother open the family wardrobe at the close of summer and the moth millers flying out, having destroyed the garments, and in after years he says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth doth corrupt." In childhood He had seen a mile of flowers, white as the snow, or red as the flame, or blue as the sea, or green as the tree tops, and no wonder in His manhood sermon He said, "Consider the lilies." While one day on a high point where now stands the tomb of Neby Ismail, he had seen winging past Him so near as to flurry His hair, the partridge, and the hoopoe, and the thrush, and the osprey, and the crane, and the raven, and no wonder afterward in His manhood sermon He said, "Behold the fowls of the air." In Nazareth and on the road to it there are a great many camels. I can see them now in memory making their slow way up the zig-zag road from the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. Familiar was Christ with their appearance, also with that small insect the gnat which He had seen His mother strain out from a cup of water or pail of milk, and no wonder he brings afterward the large quadruped and the small insect into His sermon and, while seeing the Pharisees careful about small sins, and reckless about large ones, cries out: "Woe unto you blind guides which strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

He had in boyhood seen the shepherds get their flocks mixed up, and to one not familiar with the habits of shepherds and their flocks, hopelessly mixed up. And a sheep-stealer appears on the scene and dishonestly demands some of those sheep, when he owns not one of them. "Well," say the two honest shepherds, "we will soon settle the matter," and one shepherd goes out in one direction and the other shepherd goes out in the other direction, and the sheep-stealer in another direction, and each one calls, and the flocks of each of the honest shepherds rush to their owner, while the sheep-stealer calls, and calls again, but gets not one of the flock. No wonder that Christ years after, preaching on a great occasion and illustrating his own shepherd qualities, says: "When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him for they know His voice, and the stranger they will not follow for they know not the voice of a stranger." The sides of these hills are terraced for grapes. The boy Christ had often stood with great round eyes watching the trimming of the grape-vines. Clip, goes the knife, and off falls a branch. The child Christ says to the farmer, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "that is a dead branch and it is doing nothing and is only in the way, so I cut it off." Then the farmer with his sharp knife prunes from a living branch this and that tendril and the other tendril. "But," says the child Christ, "these twigs that you cut off now are not dead; what do you do that for?" "Oh," says the farmer, "we prune off these that the main branch may have more sap and be more fruitful." No wonder in after years Christ said in His sermon: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman: every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Capital! No one who had not been a country boy would have said that.

Streaks of nature all through Christ's sermons and conversations. When a pigeon descended upon Christ's head at his baptism in the Jordan it was not the first pigeon He had seen. And then He has such wide sweep of discourse as you may imagine from one who has stood on the hills that overlook Nazareth. As far as I understand Christ visited the Mediterranean Sea only once, but any clear morning He could run up on a hill near Nazareth and look off to the west and see the Mediterranean, while there in the north is snowy Mount Lebanon, clad as in white robe of ascention, and yonder on the east, and south-east Mount Gilboa, Mount Tabor and Mount Gilead, and yonder in the south is the plain of Esdraelon over which we rode yesterday on our way to Nazareth. Those mountains of His boyhood in His memory, do you wonder that Christ when He wanted a good pulpit, made it out of a mountain—"seeing the multitude He went up into the mountain." And when He wanted especial communion with God, He took James and John and Peter into "a mountain apart."

Oh, this country boy of Nazareth, come forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and to stamp out the cruelties of the world, and to illumine the darkness of the world, and to transfigure the hemispheres! So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise and our court-rooms, and our healing art and our studios and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for that annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened and slain the race. Late hours and hurtful apparel and overtaxed digestive organs and crowded environments of city life, would have halted the world, but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia and the hills of Georgia come into our national eloquence the Websters and the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come into our national charities the George Peabodys and the William Corcorans. From the cabins of the lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From plough boy's furrow and village counter and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants. Nearly all the Messiahs in all departments dwelt in Nazareth before they came to Jerusalem. I send this day thanks from these cities, mostly made prosperous by country boys, to the farm house and the prairies and the mountain cabins and the obscure homesteads of North and South and East and West, to the fathers and mothers in plain homespun, if they be still alive, or the hillocks under which they sleep the long sleep. Thanks from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

On this December morning in Palestine on our way out from Nazareth we saw just such a carpenter's shop as Jesus worked in, supporting his widowed mother, after he was old enough to do so. I looked in, and there were hammer, and saw, and plane, and auger, and vice, and measuring-rule, and chisel, and drill, and adze, and wrench, and bit, and all the tools of carpentry. Think of it! He who smoothed the surface of the earth, shoving a plane. He who cleft the mountains by earthquake, pounding a chisel. He who opened the mammoth caves of the earth, turning an auger. He who wields the thunderbolt, striking with a hammer. He who scooped out the bed for the ocean, hollowing a ladle. He who flashes the morning on the earth, and makes the midnight heavens quiver with aurora, constructing a window. I cannot understand it, but I believe it. A sceptic said to an old clergyman, "I will not believe anything I cannot explain." "Indeed!" said the clergyman, "You will not believe anything you cannot explain. Please to explain to me why some cows have horns, and others have no horns." "No!" said the sceptic, "I did not mean exactly that. I mean that I will not believe anything I have not seen." "Indeed!" said the clergyman, "You will not believe anything you have not seen. Have you a backbone?" "Yes," said the sceptic. "How do know?" said the clergyman. "Have you ever seen it?" This mystery of God-head and humanity interjoined I cannot understand, and I cannot explain, but I believe it. I am glad there are so many things we cannot understand, for that leaves something for heaven. If we know everything here, heaven would be a great indolence. What foolish people, those who are in perpetual fret because they cannot understand all that God says and does. A child in the first juvenile primer might as well burst into tears because it cannot understand conic sections. In this world we are only in the A-B-C class, and we cannot now understand the libraries of eternity which put to utmost test faculties archangelic. I would be ashamed of heaven if we did not know more there, with all our faculties intensified a million fold and at the center of the universe, than we do here with our dim faculties and clinging to the outside rim of the universe.

In about two hours we pass through Cana, the village of Palestine where the mother of Christ and our Lord attended the wedding of a poor relative and having come over from Nazareth for that purpose. The mother of Christ—for women are first to notice such things—found that the provisions had fallen short and she told Christ and He, to relieve the embarassment of the housekeeper, who had invited more guests than the pantry warranted, became the butler of the occasion, and out of a cluster of a few sympathetic words squeezed a beverage of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine in which was not one drop of intoxicant or it would have left that party as maudlin and drunk as the great centennial banquet in New York two years ago left senators and governors and generals and merchant princes. The difference between the wine of the wedding in Cana and the wine at the banquet in New York being that the Lord made the one and the devil made the other. We got off our horses and examined some of these water jars at Cana said to be the very ones that held the plain water that Christ turned into the purple bloom of an especial vintage. I measured them and found them eighteen inches from edge to edge and nineteen inches deep, and declined to accept their identity. But we realized the immensity of a supply of a hundred and twenty-six gallons of wine. What was that for? Probably one gallon would have been enough, for it was only an additional installment of what had already been provided, and it is probable that the housekeeper could not have guessed more than one gallon out of the way. But a hundred and and twenty-six gallons! What will they do with the surplus? Ah, it was just like our Lord! Those young people were about to start housekeeping, and their means were limited, and that big supply, whether kept in their pantry or sold, will be a mighty help. You see there was no strychnine, or logwood, or nux vomica, in that beverage, and as the Lord made it it would keep. He makes mountains and seas that keep thousands of years and certainly He could make a beverage that would keep four or five years. Among the arts and inventions of the future I hope there may be some one that can press the juices from the grape and so mingle them and without one drop of damning alcohol that it will keep for years. And the more of it you take the clearer will be the brain and the healthier the stomach. And here is a remarkable fact in my recent journey—I travelled through Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, and Palestine, and Syria, and Turkey, and how many intoxicated persons do you think I saw in all those five great realms? Not one. We must in our Christianized lands have got hold of some kind of beverage that Christ did not make.

But we must hasten on, for I do not mean to close my eyes tonight till I see from a mountain top, Lake Galilee, on whose banks, next Sabbath, we will worship, and on whose waters the following morning we will take a sail. On and up we go in the severest climb of all Palestine, the ascent of the Mount of Beatitudes, on the top of which Christ preached that famous sermon on the Blesseds—Blessed this and Blessed that. Up to their knees the horses plunge in mole-hills, and a surface that gives way at the first touch of the hoof, and again and again the tired beasts halt, as much as to say to the riders, "It is unjust for you to make us climb these steeps." On and up over mountain sides where in the later season, hyacinths and daises, and phloxes, and anemones kindle their beauty. On and up until on the rocks of black basalt we dismount, and climbing to the highest peak, look out on an enchantment of scenery that seems to be the Beatitudes themselves arched into skies, and rounded into valleys, and silvered into waves. The view is like that of Tennessee and North Carolina from the top of Lookout Mountain, or like that of Vermont and New Hampshire from the top of Mount Washington. Hail hills of Galilee! Hail Lake Gennesaret, only four miles away! Yonder, clear up and most conspicuous, is Safed, the very city to which Christ pointed for illustration in the sermon preached here, saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There are rocks around me on this Mount of Beatitudes, enough to build the highest pulpit the world ever saw. Aye, it is the highest pulpit. It overlooks all time and all eternity. The valley of Hattin between here and Lake Galilee is an ampitheatre, as though the natural contour of the earth had invited all nations to come and sit down and hear Christ preach a sermon, in which there were more startling novelties than were ever announced in all the sermons that were ever preached. To those who heard Him on this very spot, His word must have seemed the contradiction of everything that they had ever heard or read or experienced. The world's theory had been: Blessed are the arrogant; Blessed are the supercilious; Blessed are the tearless; Blessed are they that have everything their own way; Blessed are the war eagles; Blessed are the persecutors; Blessed are the popular; Blessed are the Herods and the Cæsars, and the Ahabs. "No! no! no!" says Christ with a voice that rings over these rocks, and through yonder valley of Hattin, and down to the Opaline lake on the one side and the sapphire Mediterranean on the other, and across Europe in one way, and across Asia in the other way, and around the earth both ways, till the globe shall yet be girdled with the nine beatitudes: Blessed are the poor, Blessed are the mournful, Blessed are the meek, Blessed are the hungry, Blessed are the merciful, Blessed are the pure, Blessed are the peacemakers, Blessed are the persecuted, Blessed are the falsely reviled.

Do you see how the Holy Land and the Holy Book fit each other? God with His left hand built Palestine, and with His right wrote the Scriptures, the two hands of the same Being. And in proportion as Palestine is brought under close inspection, the Bible will be found more glorious and more true. Mightest book of the past! Mightest book of the future! Monarch of all literature!

The proudest works of Genius shall decay,
And Reason's brightest lustre fade away;
The Sophist's art, the poet's boldest flight,
Shall sink in darkness, and conclude in night;
But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
Shall grasp the sacred volume in her hand;
Back to its source the heavenly gift convey,
Then in the flood of glory melt away.

Lieut. McCracklin recommends the Bertillion system for the detecting of deserters. This system rests on the following measurements: Length and width of head, length of left little and middle fingers, length of forearm, left foot and right ear, height of figure, length of outstretched arms, and length of the trunk.

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Utilizing scrap steel rod by welding it and drawing it into fence wire is one of the recent successes of electric welding.

The high-explosive carbonite has recently given very satisfactory results, and it has been proved that it is a stable compound that can be stored for a length of time without deterioration.

From geological observation on the Alps vegetation on the higher portions seems to be retreating, and the poplars that at one time adorned the crest of the hills are now nearly all dead.

A gold medal has been offered by the Dutch Academy of Sciences in Haarlem for the best work on microscopic investigation of the mode in which different parts of plants can unite with one another and the phenomena which accompany healing after grafting.

The accumulation of explosive gases in a room, mine, or ship's hold can now be ascertained by means of an indicator. It consists of a porous cylinder, closed by a thin metal membrane, and the penetrating gases raise the membrane, close a circuit, and ring an alarm.

Experiments are being conducted in the English channel near Folkstone for the purpose of testing the geological structure of that portion of the sea bed upon which it is proposed to construct a bridge across the Straits to Dover. Thus far the sea bottom has been found very solid and suitable for the proposed structure.

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MUSICAL CHAT.

The American College of Musicians will hold its annual examinations at the University of the City of New York the last week in June. Information regarding details, requirements, etc., may be obtained by application to Robert Bonner, Secretary, No. 60 Williams street, Providence, R. I.

Mendelssohn's oratorio, "Elijah," was given recently in the People's church, St. Paul, by the St. Paul Choral association, under the direction of Mr. Samuel A. Baldwin, late of Chicago. The soloists were: Miss Genevra L. Johnstone, Chicago; Miss Julia May, Minneapolis; Mr. C. A. Knorr, Chicago, and Mr. A. W. Porter, Minneapolis.

THE new musical department of Yale College was formerally opened April 29, with exercises in Osborn Hall, including an address by Dr. Gustav J. Stoeckel, the incumbent of the new Battell professorship of music at the college, a musical program presented by the members of the musical class and by Mr. Charles S. Elliott, Yale '67, and an address by Prof. Dwight. A reception was afterwards held in the treasury building, which was handsomely fitted up and decorated for the occasion. There were about 400 invited guests from New Haven, New York, Hartford, Boston and other places.

The Milwaukee Musical Society intends celebrating its fortieth anniversary by the production of Gluck's music drama, "Orpheus," in strict accordance with the principles laid down by Richard Wagner, that the arts of music, painting, poetry and dramatic expression should blend in one harmonious whole for the production of a true dramatic work and not merely an opera in the commonly accepted sense of that term. The circular of the management states that "no labor, no expense, no support has been spared to achieve the purpose thus made clear. To this end the resources of the Stadt Theater, Bach's orchestra, Luening's conservatory and the society's chorus as well as finances are jointly pledged. From conductor to costumer it is the ensemble only, and that for true art's sake, that has been considered."

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NOT BLOOD BUT JUICE.

An Adventure with Red Skin That Came Very Near Being Funny.

A writer in the Forest and Stream relates the experience of a family besieged by Cheyennes, in the course of which this incident occurred:

At last the Indians stopped firing and we could not get a glimpse of them.

Caveniss said: "Well, old woman, that was a close call; but I am hungry, so get us something to eat."

"All the meat is in the milk house, except that piece on the table, and that belongs to Dick. He has had nothing to eat since yesterday; and he fights as well on an empty stomach as you uns do on a full one," remarked Mrs. Caveniss, smoking. "I'll get you some coffee and biscuit, though."

Marion said, "I'll go and get meat. I guess the Injuns is gone."

Tige took off his big white hat and put it before the open door on a stick for a reply, and a dozen bullets hit around it in a second.

"Do you want to go out there, Bud?" he asked with a wolfish grin.

"I ain't afraid to," responded Marion, "and I can fix so I won't get hit neither."

"All right, get the meat then," said Mrs. C., "but I'm afraid you will get shot; and we can't afford to lose a man."

Marion, without reply, proceeded to make up a man with a shirt, a pair of overalls and a hat. Then he unfolded his plans to us. Tige was to shove out the dummy and draw the enemies' fire. Caveniss and I were to return it, and Marion was to run to the milk house. When he wanted to come back he was to put his hand out so that we could see it, and we were to go to firing while he ran for the house. He took only a butcher knife. We drew their fire by exposing the dummy, and then we went to cracking away at the smoke of the guns while he ran for the milk house. He got there without a scratch, but when his hand came up and we showed the doll again, Lo wouldn't shoot, and when Marion started they made it very interesting for him. He had a steak in one hand and a can of peaches in the other and when he got into the house he said, with a horrified expression on his face, "I'm shot in the hand." He held up the peach can hand and then looked silly. One of the gentle red men had put a ball through the can, not touching him at all, and when the juice ran into his hand he thought it was blood. We joked him a little, but saw he was mortified, and Mrs. Caveniss proceeded to get dinner.

Manual Labor.

If the public school has failed to emphasize the importance and dignity of labor I believe it is due rather to oversight than intention, says a writer in the American Agriculturist. The schools have largely been controlled by college-men, the minister, lawyer and doctor, and their very presence among the young is an illustration of the apparent superiority of the professional class. I say apparent for I do not think many professional men are willing to be classed among the idle, many think they are among the hardest workers, but farmers' sons meeting school superintendents or committee men of this class in school are likely to imagine otherwise. Certainly not all school managers look upon manual labor as degrading, though I have known one who warned a class of boys never to be caught at it. I certainly think school books would be improved if they contained less in regard to profit on trade and interest on money and more concerning the real sources of wealth. I know one teacher of agriculture in a state college who begun his course by a lesson in farm superintendence or farm management. I would sooner trust my farm in the hands of a boy who had learned his trade by beginning as a boy on the farm than to one who knew only what he had learned under such college professors at that.

Easy Mathematics.

"It is 90 76-100 miles from Philadelphia to New York," said the teacher. "A cat crawls into the hollow wheel of a freight car in Philadelphia; the wheel is thirty-one inches in diameter; how far does the cat travel while the train goes to New York?"

"About twenty-eight feet," said the smart boy at the foot of the class; "it was our cat and she climbed out of the wheel and got run over before the train pulled out half a car-length. When the train got past she looked like a map of the fur-producing region of the Hudson Bay territory, spread out over——"

But the morning hour having expired, and it being the teacher's day to faint, and the time having arrived, she took up the business on the speaker's desk, and proceeded with the regular order.—Robert J. Burdette.

A Startling Admission.

"What becomes of all the stale candy?" was asked a well known confectioner. "It is made up into fresh candy. There is not an ounce of waste about confectionery. You like chocolate caramels? Well, they contain more scraps than any other candy. They are especially adapted for this on account of their dark color. They were first made by a confectioner who received the inspiration from his great stock of stale sweets."—From the Journal of Useful Inventions.

It is with infinite satisfaction that I state the fact that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has been long used in my family and always with marked success.—R. F. Jarvis, Chief Eng. Fire Dep. Petersburg, Va.

He is poorest who has least love in his heart.

"The tree of deepest root is found, least willing still to leave the ground" and this could once have been most truly said of chronic pain of any sort. But after the lapse of so many ages, a sovereign remedy has been found in Salvation Oil, every provident householder should keep it.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Are any of the new-fangled washing compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

The plump Indiana girl prides herself on her Hoosiery.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

There are 70,000 widows in India under nine years of age.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Use time well and you will get from his hand more than he will take from yours.

Garfield Tea has cured Constipation of twenty-two years standing; housewives will find it a priceless boon.

A counter irritant—The shopper who doesn't buy anything.

Send to Colt & Co., New York, leading manufacturers of Magic Lanterns, Views, etc., for large, beautifully illustrated Catalogue, free.

A gallon of lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Vanity is the passion of a little mind and a cold heart.



A Poverty-stricken Millionaire!

This seems a paradox, but it is explained by one of New York's richest men. "I don't count my wealth in dollars," he said. "What are all my possessions to me, since I am a victim of consumption? My doctor tells me that I have but a few months to live, for the disease is incurable. I am poorer than that beggar yonder." "But," interupted the friend to whom he spoke, "consumption can be cured. If taken in time, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will eradicate every vestige of the disease from your system." "I'll try it," said the millionaire, and he did; and to-day there is not a healthier, happier man to be found anywhere. The "Discovery" strikes at the seat of the complaint. Consumption is a disease of the blood—is nothing more nor less than lung-scrofula—and it must and does yield to this wonderful remedy.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only an acknowledged remedy for that terribly fatal malady, when taken in time and given a fair trial, but also for all forms of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as White Swellings, Fevers-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas and kindred ailments.

S. E. WOOD, JAS. WOOD, E. A. WOOD, R. NASH
WOOD BROTHERS,
Live Stock Commission Mch't's,
UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO.
Branches: OMAHA, SIOUX CITY.
Established 1867
It will pay you to give us a trial. Correspondence invited.

The Companion Calendar
For 1891.



This Beautiful and Unique Calendar and Announcement is called "THE BOOK OF DAYS." It has Fourteen Pages finely printed in Colors, the design being selected from nearly Two Thousand received in the Prize Competition. It is considered the most novel and attractive Calendar of the year. Mailed on receipt of ten cents.

Offer to New Subscribers.

This Calendar will be sent to each New Subscriber who WILL CUT OUT and send us this advertisement, with $1.75 for a year's subscription. The Youth's Companion will be mailed from the time that the subscription is received to January, 1891, FREE, and for a full year from that date.

No other weekly paper gives so large a variety of entertaining reading at so low a price.

Double Holiday Numbers—Illustrated Weekly Supplements.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

37 *Send Check, Post-office Order or Registered Letter.*

PROF. S. V. R. FORD,
Discoverer of "HOPE FOR THE BALD." [Trade Mark.] Hair Restorer and Retainer. Pamphlet of Information and Testimonials mailed on receipt of stamp.

"Hope For The Bald"

Is indorsed by The Albany, (N. Y.) Chemical Co.; Hon. John T. Hanson, (Ex-Mayor) Gloversville, N. Y.; Dr. Wm. M. Davis, Gloversville, N. Y.; F. W. Hoffman, Druggist, Albany, N. Y., and many prominent physicians throughout the country who have tested its value. Price $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5, by express. Address PROF. S. V. R. FORD, No. 46 North Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

Special price to the Trade.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
THIS NEW
ELASTIC TRUSS



Has a Pad different from all others, is cup-shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the pain is the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is never worn to chafe or gall. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.

The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address

JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

SEAL SKINS AND FINE FURS OF ALL KINDS.

We are the oldest established Fur house in the west and carry a tremendous stock of all kinds of Furs. Call on us when in the city or write us for catalogue. We make a specialty of Seal Garments, Gentlemen's Fur Overcoats, Robes, Caps, Gloves, Capes, Etc. We also buy all kinds of raw furs. Write for price list. Mention this paper. THE WOLF PERIOLAT FUR CO., Leading Fashionable Furriers, 67 Washington St., Chicago.



Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.

I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.

A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.
Sold by Druggists.
PRICE $1.00.

BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE. The secret of the Canary Breeders of the Harz Mountains. It restores the song of Cage Birds, prevents their ailments and keeps them in good condition. It makes Canaries sing even while shedding feathers. Sent by mail for 15 cents. Sold by all druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Bird Book mailed free. Address, THE BIRD FOOD CO., 409 N. Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY MEMORY
Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus POST FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.



ARE YOU WEAK?
If you suffer from LOST MANHOOD, NERVOUS DISEASES, OR LOSSES of any kind from EXCESSES, we will give you a FREE TRIAL of this WONDERFUL MEDICINE. WE GUARANTEE A CURE in every case. Write us to send you a FREE sample package sealed in plain wrapper. Send no note, silver or stamps to cover packing and postage. MEDICAL CHEMICAL CO., 417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$200.00 TO $500.00 Cash, balance 10 to 20 years at 6 per cent. annual interest, will buy a farm in Nebraska or Kansas. Partial payments permitted to suit purchaser. For large list of BARGAINS inclose stamp to Binger & Bradley, 1319 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

RAISE MONEY EVENINGS, showing beautiful pictures suitable for Sunday Schools, Lodges, Church Fairs and the Home Circle. Best and cheapest Magic Lanterns made by COLT & CO. COMPANY, 15 Beekman Street, New York City. Illustrated Catalogues Free.

STEREOPTICONS McINTOSH Battery & Optical Co. CHICAGO, ILL. MAGIC LANTERNS.

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send (sealed) FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq., Box 2230, N. Y. City.

PARCHEESI
THE BEST HOME GAME.
For 20 years on the market, and excels all others. Price $1.00 each, mailed post-paid.
SKINNOW & BIGELOW, 41 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

MEN WEAK from Nervous Debility, Vital Wasting etc. Send for my free Book of Remedies and cure yourselves at home. Dr. J. Bennett, 418 Clark St., Chicago

FLORIDA FREE INFORMATION. Cheap homes for all. Send stamp for illustrated "Homeseeker." O. M. Crosby, 93 Franklin St. N. Y.

FOR SALE FARMS in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and other States. Send for list. ROWLEY & BLACK, 83 Washington St., Chicago.

TELEGRAPHY, Where to learn and get a situation. Information free. Address Independent School of Telegraphy, Independence, Mo.

MRS. M. M. GORDON, Increase a Specialty PENSION CLAIM AG'T. 81 to 88 West Madison Street, Chicago.

S. D. CHILDS & CO General Engravers, Die Sinkers and Medalists. 140-142 Monroe St., Chicago.

LADY AGENTS—Send for terms. VAN ORDEN CORSET CO., 22 Clinton Place, N. Y.

M N. P. Co., CHICAGO VOL. V.—No. 48

Nellie Dale's Christmas Money

By PRUDENCE PARSONS.



An Illustrated Story for people who "can't afford to spend much money this year for Christmas Presents."

NELLIE DALE could not afford to spend what little money she possessed, but she was wise enough to find a way to secure, without cost of money, a large list of valuable presents.

We send it free to any one who will mention the paper in which this notice appears.

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

A VERY FINE LINE OF LAMPS AT C. O. FOLTZ.

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
HAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
$1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

—PUBLISHED BY—

J. J. BURKE,

From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

BENEFIT CONCERT.

There will be a song Concert at Rogers' hall Saturday evening Dec. 6th. Given by Antioch talent, assisted by Millburn and Lake Villa. Proceeds to be given to Will Evans of Trevor. Admission 25 cents. Be sure and attend.

THE loan companies of the Eastern cities are beginning to be unnecessarily cautious in placing loans on Western Kansas farms. The disturbing element on their financial horizon is the Farmers Alliance members of the legislature who are pledged to oppose all high interest rates. Sooner than suffer a reduction of their exhorbitant rates the money lenders will stop business.

THE high tariff measures recently adopted by the Spanish Government are not for protection but are for the purpose of raising revenue. The Government is in very gloomy financial straits and has taken this way of raising money. Although having all the virtues of a direct tax on the people the latter will be lead to believe that it is a measure for the protection of their infant industries, and will pay it without a murmur.

THE problem now troubling the minds of the farmers in the Red River Valley is how to get rid of their wheat crop. The yield of the twelve counties in the valley is 35,000,000 bushels and it will take 58,000 cars of 600 bushels each to move it. The great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads have been making strenious efforts to cope with the demand for transportation facilitiesbut thus far they have been unable to do so.

THE Messiah craze among the Indians of the Northwest is apt to get the dusky dwellers of the plains into trouble before it subsides. There is now an army of 2000 men stationed at the Pine Ridge Agency who are ready to move on the Indians the moment the latter signify their willingness to fight. Owing to the failure of their crops the settlers of the Northwest are in anything but an angelic frame of mind, and will embark with a vengance against the Indians should the latter precipitate a fight.

THE crowded condition of the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Quincy this state, makes it necessary for the trustees to refuse new applicants admission. There are now 1,230 men on the rolls and many old veterans are still "out in the cold." It is a shame to think that men who stood between us and rebel bullets should find now, in their old age, that the nation has so far forgotten them as to fail to provide a suitable home in which they might all pass their few remaining days on earth, in peace and plenty. It is to be hoped that active mensures will be taken to enlarge the Home so that all worthy of its benefits may find a shelter beneath its roof.

"Does advertising pay?" How often do we see this musty chestnut occupying a column or more of space in publications that can illy afford to devote so much time and space to the discussion of a question that has been settled affiirmatively in the minds of intelligent business men for years. As well might the question be asked does it pay to enter a business or profession. Advertising is in itself a business, and it requires as much brain to successfully carry it on as it does to sell goods in a wholesale house. Men who know its value spend thousands of dollars annually for advertising, and it is not to be supposed that they would do this if they were not sure it would pay them to do so.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The County Superintendent held a teachers meeting here Saturday.

Mrs. J. F. Ingalls has returned from Long Pine where she spent the summer.

The new dry goods store will be opened on Washington street about Dec. 1st.

J. F. Powell has sold to N. A. Steele for $5,000 a lot on State St. above Glen Flora.

The City Council accepted the proposition of the Electric Light Co. to furnish street lights.

A. L. Hendee has been appointed deputy county clerk, and will assist Mr. Dorsett after Dec. 1st.

The Catholic Fair opened at the Opera House last Tuesday evening and will continue for a week.

The Woodmen will give a party at the Opera House Nov. 26th. There will be a concert from 8 to 9.

The city has granted the Western Union Telegraph Co. the right to erect poles and wires in the city.

There will be a camp fire by the members of the Waukegan Post G. A. R. at the Opera House Dec. 12th.

Lewis H. Miller of Antioch and Miss Cynthia Lewis of Warren were married here Wednesday by Rev. H. W. Reed.

A new sub-division called the Burns sub-division, has been opened on Grand Avenue and is attracting considerable attention.

The new artisian well has reached a depth of about 1300 feet. It will probably reach a flow of water at a depth of rdout 1900 feet.

John T. Judge has recently sold his farm a short distance west of this city to a Chicago man for $75 per acre. Mr. Judge paid about $56 per acre a few years ago.

Burglars called at the residence of G. B. Moody last week, also at the residences of Chas. Spalding and E. Dillenbeck, just out of town. At the latter places they secured $10 at each place.

Geo. Kelly of Highland Park, who was laying water mains in this city met with a painful accident last Wednesday while working in a trench on State street when the bank caved in crushing him badly.

The Merchants Carnival to be held at the Opera House Nov. 28 and 29th, is a much talked of event. It is to be given by the Women's Temperance Union. About thirty of our business houses will be represented.

At the special City Council meeting Nov. 17th an ordinance was presented and passed, showing that the city is in debt $10,000. The ordinance providing for the annual levy of a tax of $1,000 to pay interest on $25,000 bonds was passed.

E. Dillenbeck is taking the lead in the milk business. He has just put the second milk wagon on the road. He sells the pure article and everything connected with his business is first class. 40 quarts are left daily at the Sugar Refinery by Mr. Dillenbeck.

A letter recieved from D. N. Whipple of Penokee, Kansas, tells of great destitution and sufferirg among the residents of that part of the country and asks that old clothing be left at Ingalls' jewelry store to be forwarded there. Mr. Whipple was a former resident of this city.

WE OFFER

this week the following bargains in real-estate:

A 7 room new house and lot in this village, a bargain, at $1,000 cash. A house and lot in this village cheap at $500. A new house and lot and barn in this village for $1,400, part cash, balance on time. Building lots in this village from $100 up. A store 24x70 feet in Salem Wis. on the C. & N. W. Railroad, a good trading point, with stock and fixtures complete. Will be sold cheap as the owner wishes to retire from business on account of age. $1,000 cash, balance on time.

CHINN & BURKE
Realestate and Loan Agents, Antioch Ill.

The Good Templars' Reception.

At the First Baptist church the Independent Order of Good Templars tendered a reception to Mrs. Franc E. Finch, from 7:30 to 10 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne presided, and Grand Chief Templar H. A. Hodges delivered the first address of welcome.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee followed in one of those exquisite little speeches for which he is famous all over the country, welcoming Mrs. Finch, as the representative of this grand order.

Crptain W. A. Hansell followed, and in a neat little speech presented Mrs. Finch with a silk umberella with a gold head, with an appropriate inscription, "To Mrs. Franc E. Finch, Right Worthy Vice Templar, by Georgia Lodge Independent Order Good Templars, Atlanta, November 17, 1890."

Mrs. Finch was then introduced and delivered a beautiful address on the growth of the order since its organization fifty-nine years ago, and the wonderful amount of good work accomplished.

Mother Stewart followed in the same strain, and her speech was very entertaining. She dwelt with emphasis on her reception in the south which was very gratefully received as she was the pioneer in the organiztion of Woman's Christian Temperance Unions in Atlanta.

Mrs. A. A. Cadwallder, a resident of Florida, who has been a Good Templar for thirty-eight years followed.

Rev. W. M. Matthews, of Calhoun, Ga. presented to Mother Stewart an elegant bouquet of flowers, in behalf of the young ladies of Atlanta.

Mrs Dietrick, Grand Vice Templar of New York, followed in a most appropriate speech.

Mr. John Loyd Thomas and Mr. Demorest made short pithy speeches on the same line.

The church was crowded to suffocation, and hundreds were turned away for lack of room.

Mrs. Williams, of Ill. and Mrs. Hill, of Atlanta, furnished the music, which was exquisitely rendered. *Atlanta Constitution.*

Is Good Hair Your Pride?

The undersigned having tried every known remedy to procure a good head of hair has at last found a simple recipe whereby he has obtained a luxuriant growth of hair, and will send treatment and recipe of same to any address upon receipt of 50c in currency. It is highly endorsed and POSITIVELY guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Or it will raise a beard as well. Address H. B. Lyons, Milford, Kosciusko Co., Ind. (Cut this out and tell where you saw ad.)

Mrs. J. A. Turner,
— DEALER IN —
LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR, RIBBONS LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.
All goods selected with care and sold AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.
Store in Rogers' building, on Lake Ave.
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

ONE POUND
PEOPLES'
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* IOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. *Sure Cure for Hog Cholera.* FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Common Sense

ACCORDEON INSTRUCTOR,
CLARIONET INSTRUCTOR,
MANDOLIN INSTRUCTOR,
CORNET INSTRUCTOR,
GUITAR INSTRUCTOR,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR,
BANJO INSTRUCTOR,
ZITHER INSTRUCTOR.

The above Instructors are the newest, best and most easily comprehended of any now published. In addition to the complete and valuable instructions, each book contains a choice collection of the LATEST and MOST POPULAR MUSIC, both Vocal and Instrumental. Each book teaches in a simple and "Common Sense" way how to play, on each Instrument designated, beginning with the elementary principals and gradually carrying the pupil forward by a course of plain, progressive lessons. All of the books in this series are beautifully bound in compact form with illustrated title page. Price, prepaid, FIFTY CENTS each. I have also on hand a complete list of over 2000 pieces of Sheet Music, the late t and best, both Vocal and Instrumental, printed on the best music paper from clear type, which I will mail prepaid to any address at the rate of 10 CENTS per copy. This is the same quality of Sheet Music for which publishers charge from four to six times my price. Complete catalogue mailed free on application. A liberal discount for large orders. Cash must accompany all orders from a distance. Address: A. F. Burke, Antioch, Ill.

A. CHINN, *Auctioneer.* J. J. BURKE, *Justice.*

Chinn & Burke,
REAL-ESTATE,
LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences', lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT, on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE, Rents etc. Collected on small commision.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

Yours for Business,
CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

NEW FIRM!
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
—AND—
NEW PRICES.
Call and examine our fine line of
GROCERIES
—AND—
: PROVISIONS :
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

For the Season of 1890.

The undersigned with twenty-five years experience in this and adjoining counties in castrating horses and colts, again offers his service to those desiring them. References by the thousand if called for. Orders by letter or telegram promptly attended to.

THOMAS MCCLURE.
Waukegan or Gurnee Illinois

JOB WORK
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

"ROLLING STONES GATHER NO MOSS,"
But every one can gather in
BEAUTIFUL THINGS
SPLENDID BARGAINS,
Goods that are both elegant & cheap
FOR PRESENTS
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
Come and look at them,
I HAVE NOT SPACE TO DESCRIBE, BUT IN PLUSH BOXES,
GIFT BOOKS, ALBUMS AND TOYS,
YOU WILL FIND THE LARGEST LINE IN LAKE COUNTY, AT THE STORE OF YOURS TRULY,
C. O. FOLTZ,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

WILLIAMS BROTHERS,
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.
Dry Goods, Notions!
CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, RUGS.
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS.
AND IN CONNECTION WITH OUR
HARDWARE STOCK,
WE HAVE ADDED A FULL LINE OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
GARLAND COAL AND WOOD HEATERS, RANGES AND WOOD COOKS.
MILK CANS!
THE BEST MADE AND HEAVIEST STOCK TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.
NAILS, PUTTY, GLASS, BUILDING PAPER ETC.
THE MOST COMPLETE GENERAL STOCK IN LAKE CO. AND SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER AND EGGS.
AT OLD STAND FOR PAST 17 YEARS.

Maud S. Curry Comb.
Patented Sep. 3, 1889.
F. G. KENT, Patentee,
WADSWORTH, - ILL.

BROTHER FARMER,

I hold letters of Patent on the MAUD S. CURRY COMB, I cannot sell to Manufacturers they want it all, not leaving me enough to hardly pay Patent expenses. It is the only Comb that is Scientific in principal, Comb and Brush combined; never clogs, wet, or dry, shedding mud water etc. The back move cleans it. Works equally as well in any condition, carrying dirt, water, virmin etc., ahead and off. Good for Scruff, mange, Heat-scabs, pink-eye, eruptious etc. Good for weeding, cleaning trees, cutting grass out of walks etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS, BY MAIL POST PAID.

In lots of 8, 10, 24 etc., by Express, much less, in order to make change.

AGENTS WANTED:

To handle this Comb, in all parts of the United States. A liberal commission allowed responsible parties.

STATE AND COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE.

F. G. KENT, PATENTEE,
WADSWORTH, LAKE CO, ILLINOIS.

CASH TALKS!
THE NEW STORE OF
BEN STONE & COMPANY,
Offers Unparalelled Inducements to Buyers of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, MITTENS, UNDERWEAR ETC. ETC.
CALL AND SEE OUR IMMENSE
STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING,
LADIES AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, DRESS GOODS, COTTON AND WOOLEN GOODS, WALL PAPER ETC.
OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE
AND COMPRISES A FULL LINE OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
We don't steal our Goods, or give them away; but Buying for CASH and selling for cash enables us to offer
GREAT BARGAINS IN ALL LINES.
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